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Children's Newspaper

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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THE TOPSY-TURVY MONEY WORLD

HIAWATHA

RED INDIAN'S IDEA THAT WILL SAVE THE WORLD

Who First Thought of the League of Nations?

MR. WILSON'S FORERUNNER

Who first thought of a League of Nations? The question is often asked without being satisfactorily answered. Most people would say that it was an American, and in this they are correct—more correct than they think.

It was, of course, President Wilson who made the League a question of practical statesmanship, but he was not the American who first thought of it. There was another famous Peacemaker, who may be called the forerunner of Mr. Wilson in the League of Nations.

The credit for first conceiving the idea of a League of Nations goes much farther back than any organisations we know. It goes back even farther than Kant, the German philosopher of the 18th century, and Sully, the famous French statesman of the 16th century, both of whom urged the idea of a League.

Great Red Indian Chief

The real founder of the idea was much better known than either of these; in fact, it is safe to say that his name is a household word with boys and girls throughout the English-speaking world today, though he lived in America away back in the 15th century before any Englishman had ever set foot in America.

He was none other than our friend Hiawatha, the great Red Indian chief who has been immortalised by Longfellow in his splendid poem. Longfellow makes him an Ojibway, but he really belonged to the Iroquois nation, who have been called the Romans of America.

The average reader of Longfellow regards Hiawatha as a purely imaginary character, but he was a real man, a hero of his people, and, though legends have grown up round his name, as they have grown round the names of Alfred and Drake, there is no reason for doubting the main facts of Hiawatha's life.

Burying the Hatchet

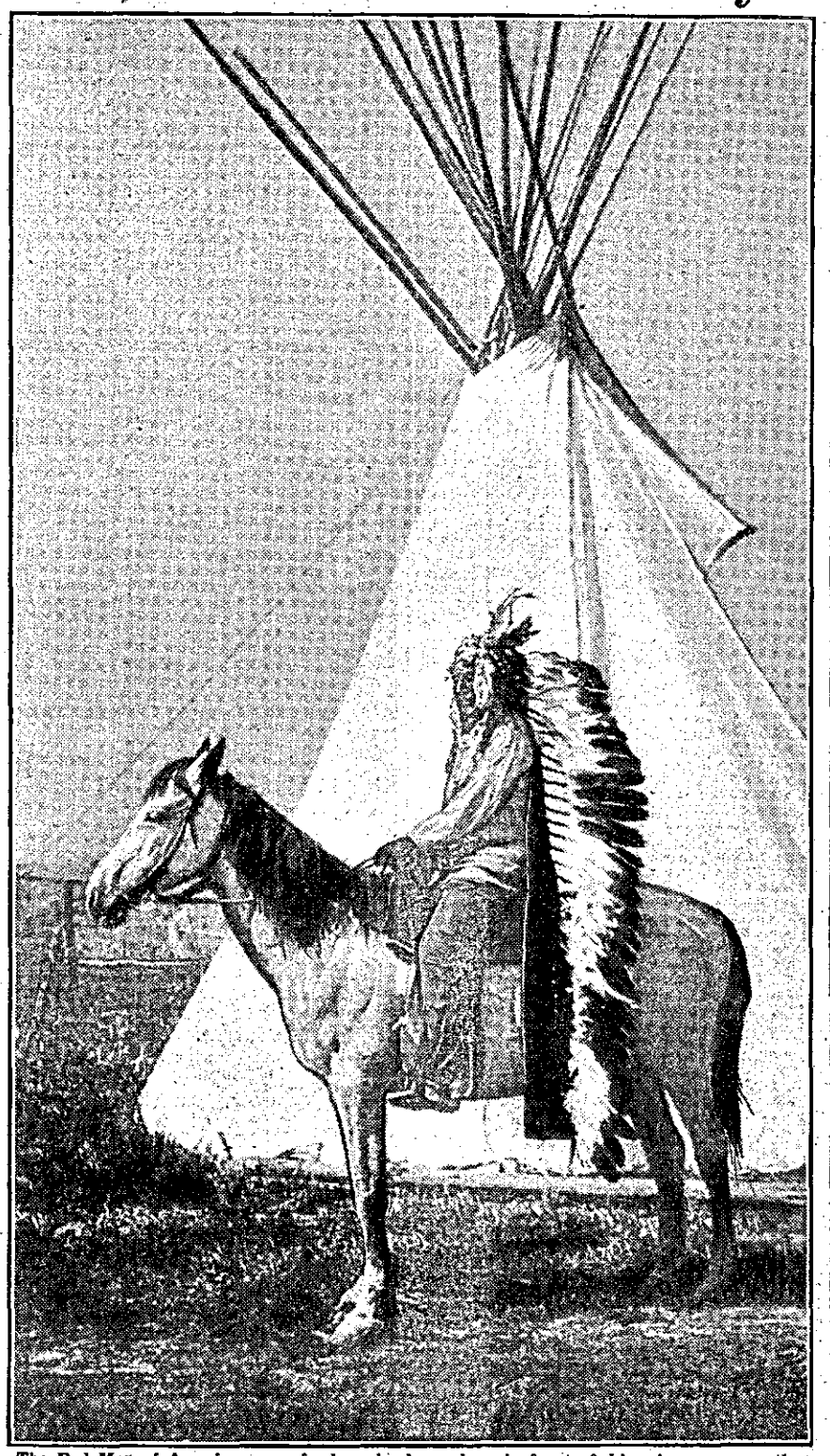
In the 15th century there were a number of Red Indian nations and tribes inhabiting the country round the St. Lawrence River, the chief of these being the Mohawks, Oneidas, Onondagas, Cayugas, Senecas, and Tuscaroras—names well known to boys and girls who have read Fenimore Cooper's thrilling stories. These were later called the Six Nations by the British, and by the French the Iroquois.

All these tribes were then at war among themselves, invariably fighting to settle their rival interests, till there arose an Onondaga chief who thought with sorrow of the bloodshed and cruelty in which the people were ever wasting their energies. He was Hiawatha, and he called a meeting of the warring chiefs and suggested that the hatchet be buried. Then he proposed the great idea of a League of Nations, in which all the peoples, the large tribes and the small, should be federated, not for aggressions on other peoples in distant parts, not even for self-defence, but for the sole purpose of maintaining peace and fostering true prosperity among themselves.

It was, in fact, the same kind of scheme that has now been launched on a much larger scale. Hiawatha, of course, had a limited sphere and opportunity. North America was thinly populated with isolated groups of tribes, and for him the group of nations to which he belonged was to all intents and purposes the world. So he launched his League, and it was a magnificent success. Wars ceased among the Iroquois nations, and wonderful legends grew up about this fine result. Never again did the Iroquois tribes fight among themselves, and they became skilled in many of the arts of peace.

Surely a statue of this splendid Red Man should be set up in the capital at Washington, to stand side by side with that of the immortal Red Indian Sequoya, the Cherokee chief, who gave a written language to his people.

The Race that Led the Way



The Red Men of America, one of whom is shown here in front of his wigwam, were the first to form a League of Nations; and it was Hiawatha, the hero of Longfellow's poem, who conceived the idea and brought it to a successful issue, so that six warring nations became brethren and never fought again. **See next column**

A MARVEL THAT IS COMING

POWER SENT THROUGH SPACE

The New Wireless Miracle that will be Here in Due Time

THE TESLA TOWER

By a Wireless Expert

The human voice has been sent by wireless across three thousand miles of space; telegraphic signals have been sent twice that distance and more. Now comes the news of experiments being made to send power by wireless for hundreds of miles.

Imagine the coal at the pit-head being burned into electricity, and the electric current sent by wireless to a smelting works buried in the hills a hundred miles away; or wireless power transmitted to a ship whose engines are fed from a land station while she crosses the Atlantic, so that the huge space a fast vessel has today to allow for fuel can be used for passenger accommodation or for cargo. It will mean a complete revolution in ships.

Great Day Coming

As things are today such a problem seems impossible of solution; but who, twenty years ago, would have believed it possible to talk across the Atlantic Ocean by wireless?

The losses in wireless work are enormous, because if we send out a signal from London it will travel in all directions—to Paris, Brussels, Christiania, Dublin, and so on. The light of the sun travels in all directions, but concentrate a few of its rays with a burning-glass and you have enough heat to start a fire. It is very much the same with regard to wireless.

Already we know that wireless signals can be directed so that they travel only in a certain direction. This is the beginning of *concentration*. The day may not be far distant when the immense energy of a large wireless aerial may be concentrated so as to focus on a spot a long distance away, where the energy is collected and made to do work of various kinds.

Dream to be Realised

Years ago the famous electrician Tesla designed a wireless tower which should radiate energy to any desired spot, but very little was known then of the science that has since made amazing strides, and wireless telegraphy was too young to enable Tesla to carry out his ideas.

But there is every reason to believe that the dreams of Tesla may yet be realised after all, and that, just as power is sent over wires for hundreds of miles by the high-tension systems in use in foreign countries, so power will one day be transmitted through the ether, with sufficiently small losses to make it of practical value. It will not be done yet; but it will be done.

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NATION TO UNDO A GRAVE WRONG

A BILL OF £350,000,000

German Workers to Provide Materials for the Ruined Towns

FRANCE AND GERMANY AGREE

That the nations are coming closer together in friendship and abandoning the attitude of mutual suspicion and hatred is proved by many signs.

Last week we drew attention to the speech in favour of better relations between France and Germany made by M. Georges Noblemaire before the Assembly of the League of Nations; but that was merely a speech. Now we are able to chronicle something better—a sensible and friendly act.

For some months a French Minister, M. Loucheur, and a German Minister, Herr Rathenau, have been meeting at Wiesbaden and discussing how the devastated towns and villages of France can be rebuilt most quickly and how the Germans can pay for the rebuilding.

While Germany complains that the total of indemnities imposed upon her is excessive and beyond her power to discharge she has never denied the obligation lying upon her to make good, as far as it can be made good, the damage done by the German army in the North of France. It was, however, doubtful whether during the next four years she could find the £350,000,000 which will be required for that purpose.

The Better Way

When Germany proposed to send in building materials, instead of handing over the money to buy them, France at first objected. It was pointed out that French workers would suffer through not being allowed to supply the timber and bricks and slates, the doors and window-frames, and so on. But at last all these objections have been overcome, and an agreement now exists that the Germans shall supply all the materials.

The disadvantage of cash payment was that Germany would have to purchase French francs and would lose on the transaction, and the benefit of the new agreement to her is that German workmen will be employed in producing £350,000,000 worth of goods, which will keep an enormous number of her people busy for a long time to come.

France will find her advantage in getting her towns restored quickly.

Both nations stand, therefore, to gain something by this great act of common sense and goodwill. The abandonment of the policy of vindictiveness toward Germany, and the proof given by the Germans that they are ready to do their best to repair the terrible damage they did in the war, must be regarded as events full of hope. They show that generosity is gaining upon ill-will.

WHY ARE GIRLS CLEVERER THAN BOYS

In the First Ten Years?

It is well known that up to a certain age girls are sharper and cleverer than boys. Why is this?

At the recent meeting of the British Association, Miss Fleming, who had measured the heads of 2000 children, offered an explanation.

She found that up to the age of ten the heads of girls grow faster than the heads of boys, especially in breadth, and, naturally, if the brain grows faster intelligence grows faster too. After ten, however, the boys' heads increase more rapidly, and soon the boy overtakes the girl both in size of head and in cleverness.

Miss Fleming found out other interesting things. She found that the girls had heads broader in proportion to length than the boys, and that the colour of the eyes and hair in girls got fixed sooner than is the case in boys.

SPAIN TO FIGHT THE MOORS

Fierce Stand for the Last of an Empire

BITTER STRUGGLE TO COME

Spain has determined to fight the Moors—unwisely, as many of her friends think—on that part of the African coast which is the last scrap of the once-mighty Spanish colonial empire, with all her national resources.

There has been in Spain a revival of the old Crusading spirit which used to sweep through the country in the Middle Ages and draw out armies formed by men of all classes to take the field against the "enemies of God." In those days the Spaniards did their best first to convert and then to extirpate the same race as they are fighting in Morocco now.

For many centuries the Moors were dominant in Spain. They made it the foremost country in the world of learning, agriculture, medical science, irrigation, and for several great industries. Gradually they were driven farther and farther south, and at last they were expelled, Spain never recovering from the loss of such valuable citizens.

Between these old antagonists the struggle will be bitter, and in all likelihood prolonged. The Moors in Africa have the advantage of knowing the land and being accustomed to the climate. The Spaniards have better artillery, and seem resolved to overwhelm the Moors by force of numbers.

It is terribly unfortunate that the League of Nations should make no effort to prevent a war in which heavy losses are certain on both sides, and from which neither can gain any real advantage, whatever the result may be.

DEATH SHOWER FALLS ON INSECTS

What an Aeroplane Did

An aeroplane has just been used very successfully to fight insect pests at Dayton, Ohio, the place where the Brothers Wright carried out the experiments that made flying possible.

A six-acre grove of catalpa trees was attacked by insect pests, and the whole grove was in danger of destruction.

There was only one way of combating the insects, and that was with arsenate of lead; but to spray the trees would have taken a large number of men several days, and the expense would have been very great.

Instead of that an aeroplane was brought into service. A hopper filled with powdered arsenate of lead was attached to the machine, and as the aeroplane flew low over the grove a shower of arsenate fell upon the trees, the air current set up by the propeller distributing the chemical evenly.

The whole work was done in a few minutes and proved a splendid success, for the insects were destroyed and the trees are now flourishing.

GEESE THAT WALK 200 MILES

How Their Boots are Made to Fit

We have all heard of Puss in Boots, and some of us have seen little dogs provided with slippers by their stupid owners; but it will be news to most people to learn that in Vilna the geese are shod.

The Vilna geese are famous, and many of them are driven as far as 200 miles to goose fairs, so that if their feet were not protected in some way they would become footsore and unable to waddle to the end of their journey.

The peasants and farmers therefore make the geese walk first in tar and then in sand, with the result that when the tar hardens the feet of the geese are encased, as in hard boots.

Boots made in this way must certainly be perfect fits!

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE



Gathered by

The first regular air mail service has been established in Western Australia.

Sir Joseph Cook has been appointed High Commissioner for Australia in London.

A year ago there were 73,000 people receiving Poor Law relief in London; today there are over 200,000.

In the last twenty years 1,156,134 rats have been caught and killed in ships and warehouses of the Port of London.

A Bournemouth reader suggests that her cat has a very uncommon taste, being exceedingly fond of mushrooms.

Icebergs Nearing Scotland

For the first time in living memory icebergs have lately been seen in the waters round the island of Lewis.

Millions of Pensions

At the present time £111,000,000 a year is being paid in State pensions to 3,330,000 men, women and children.

The National Treasure House

Over 850,000 people have visited the British Museum in the last twelve months, the biggest number on record.

Too Many Railways

Canada, according to the Chairman of the Grand Trunk Railway, has 5000 miles of railway that it does not require.

A Big Lobster

A lobster believed to be about eighty years old, and weighing between six and seven pounds, has been caught at Clacton.

Busy Geneva

A million tons of goods were handled at the railway stations of Geneva last year, and 600,000 passenger tickets were issued.

3000 Years Old

A piece of cloth big enough for a lady's cloak has been found in a peat-bog in Sweden, where it must have been buried for 3000 years.

Fork or Shovel?

The old question of whether coal should be loaded with forks or shovels is still causing a dispute in the Notts and Derby coalfields.

A Great Idea

The Art Congress lately held in Paris strongly supported the idea of a photographic record of all the objects in the world's museums.

A Cat's Life

Correcting a statement that the limit of a cat's life is 13 years, a Lincolnshire reader mentions one "about 17 years old," with a kitten.

Oil from the Dumps

A Yorkshire colliery company is obtaining 30 or 40 gallons of crude oil from every ton of the waste shale dumps around the pit.

A Donkey Boy

Bradford is giving the freedom of the city to Sir James Hill, one of its lord mayors, who began life as a greengrocer's boy with a donkey cart.

The Procession That Failed

Preparations were made for 300,000 people in an anti-Prohibition procession in New York. Exactly 14,922 attended, some of them speaking English.

Men for Canada's Harvest

Nearly 30,000 men had to be brought into the three Canadian prairie provinces from Eastern Canada and the Pacific coast in order to handle the harvest.

A Pigeon Record

A pigeon carrying a message from Mayor Thompson of Chicago to President Harding in sixteen hours actual flying time for the 614 miles broke the world's record.

Where are the Herrings?

There is much alarm on the East Coast at the long absence of herrings from the waters in which they are usually caught, and seaplanes have been out from Lowestoft to search for them.

What We Export

A reader whose C.N. is posted out to Nigeria writes that, during a geography lesson in a school there, a teacher asked "What does England export?"

"Missionaries to Africa," said a native boy.

A ROAD AND A POET

FROM ACHNASHEEN TO GAIRLOCH

Pedlar's Son Who Died for the Love of a Lady

BROKEN-HEARTED WILLIAM ROSS

Having motored over the formidable highway which links Achnasheen with Gairloch, where he had been holidaying, the Prime Minister used the idea of the roughness of the road for a curious figure of speech.

A few sovereigns, he said, would purchase at present enough Russian paper roubles to stabilise that long piece of road. Sterling gold, not paper money, went to the making of these Scottish highways, which brought remoter Scotland her first prosperity.

They were constructed 200 years ago, so that the forces of law and order might have easy access to the stern and rugged Highlands, and suppress the terrible tribal wars which had cursed the land from days older than history. And while the roads were being made the Highlanders were peacefully disarmed. War was struck dead, and quiet commerce flowed along the roads.

Spirit of the Minstrels

But Gairloch has a precious claim to memory, which the Prime Minister must have heard during his stay there, for it was the last resting-place of a sad-hearted poet who "died for the love of a lady." William Ross, the Gaelic singer, has lain these 140 years in Gairloch churchyard.

His father was a poor pedlar with a love of learning, who gave his little son a good education, then took him tramping with him. Something of the spirit of the old minstrels whom Scott magnificently celebrated seemed to live anew in young Ross, and he made noble melody from the wild Gaelic speech and legends, playing his own accompaniments on many a musical instrument.

The wanderer's son became a successful Gairloch schoolmaster, but his heart was in the islands. He loved a beautiful girl of Stornoway, Marion Ross, a namesake to whom he was not related. She did not return the poet's affection, but became the wife of a Liverpool citizen, and the blow broke the poet's heart.

He died at 28, but before his melancholy end he immortalised the woman he had vainly loved in a Gaelic poem, "Praise of the Highland Maid." His works, which have been translated into English, survive in two volumes, bearing the Gaelic titles of "Crain Ghae'lach" and "An dara Clobhualadh," and they will outlast the names of many of the Cabinet Ministers who have been up at Gairloch of late.

DOG SEIZES A MOTOR-CAR

Extraordinary Story

A Bexley Heath lady vouches for the truth of this dog story.

Two ladies drew up in a motor-car outside a shop in Birchington market-place, and directly they entered the shop a dog leaped into the car and took up his position at the steering-wheel.

When the ladies returned they tried in vain to coax the dog from the car. He would not move.

Presently a man made a long whip into a lasso, but the dog slipped his head through it.

Then another man said: "The dog is mistaking the car. His master has one exactly like it, and he is in the town somewhere." Then he rode off on his bicycle and soon came back with the dog's master, and the dog, seeing him, jumped out of the car.

When the ladies got in and drove away the dog raced after the car.

One onlooker said, "The brute ought to be shot." But surely the dog showed true fidelity, as far as his knowledge went.

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FACING A CRISIS

Courage in the Presence of Disaster

THE BURNING OF THE PRINTEMPS

By Our Paris Correspondent

There have been few great fires that have aroused more attention than the destruction of the famous Paris Magasin du Printemps; but what the public does not realise, perhaps, is the astonishing way in which the directors of this immense business faced a sudden and terrible crisis. It is all surely a tale worth telling.

On the very evening of the fire a most unexpected communication was sent out from the headquarters of the Printemps, saying that not one of the employees of the shop would be allowed to suffer by stopping work a single day.

And yet a further surprise was waiting for those thousands of workpeople, for the very next day new stores had been opened all along the part of the Boulevard Haussman belonging to the Printemps, the windows crowded with goods of all sorts, as various, as numerous, as splendid, as before.

There were the same assistants whom everybody knew, and it was interesting to see them smile at the surprise of people. "Ah yes," they would say, "here we are. Is it not a wonderful feat? Besides, you have not seen it all. Go to No. 112 of the Rue de Provence and see the flats in which our managers were living last week. See the furniture exhibition reorganised from the stock we had."

And something even better still the management of this great shop did; being driven to turn their kitchens and dining-halls into shops, they at once arranged with several restaurants to supply meals to their employees.

Even a new exhibition announced for October 4, a few days after the fire, was ready when the date came.

Is not this a fine example of energy and enterprise and devotion to duty?

GOOD IDEA FOR SEEING ANOTHER WORLD

Professor's Great Looking-Glass

Professor Todd, of Harvard University, is expecting to examine Mars when it passes near the earth in 1924 through the most powerful telescope in the world, bringing the planet, as he says, "within two miles."

But the difficult part of it is the need of a gigantic looking-glass, 24 feet in diameter; and it seems that no factory can provide a mirror of this size.

Professor Todd has therefore an admirable idea. He will make a huge cup, pour mercury into it, and animate the fluid by causing it to rotate. The speed at which the cup will spin round will make the mercury spread out and take the shape of a concave mirror, and the professor will have his looking-glass for seeing Mars.

BEETLE LAW

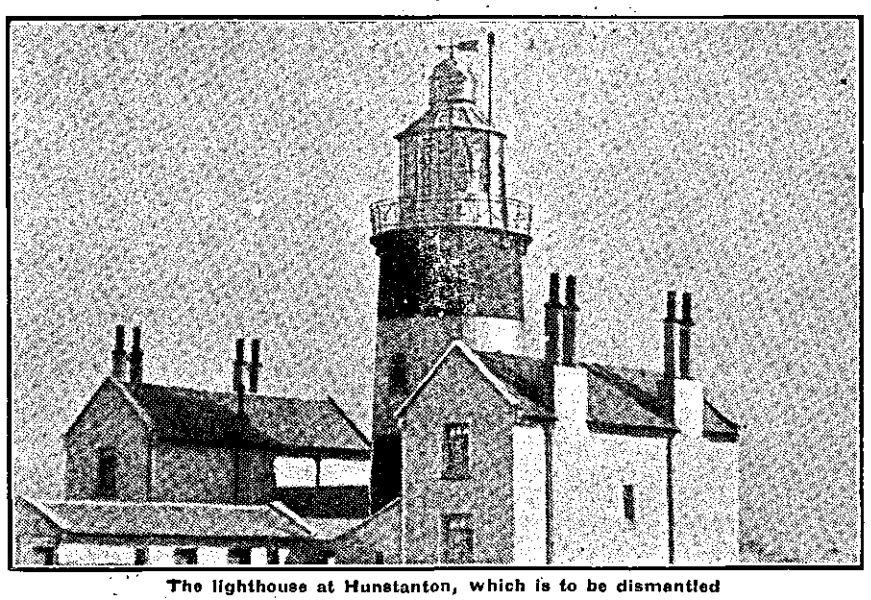
Monday Morning in Samoa

A remarkable law called the beetle ordinance, has just been put in force in Samoa, where the rhinoceros beetles have done great damage to crops.

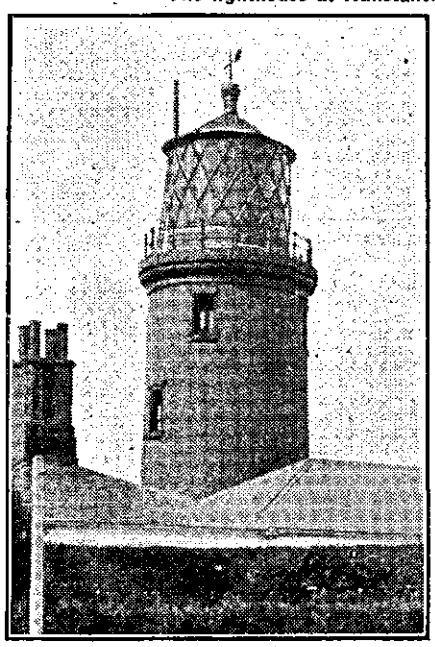
The beetle makes its home in rotten wood, and every Samoan planter has now been informed that he must either keep his land free from fallen logs or pay a heavy fine. If he employs coolies their work must be set aside every Monday morning from six to noon to hunt for the beetles.

Still more drastic are the instructions sent to the head men of the villages. Every able-bodied Samoan must bring in a fixed quota of beetles every Saturday. If his supply is short he is fined.

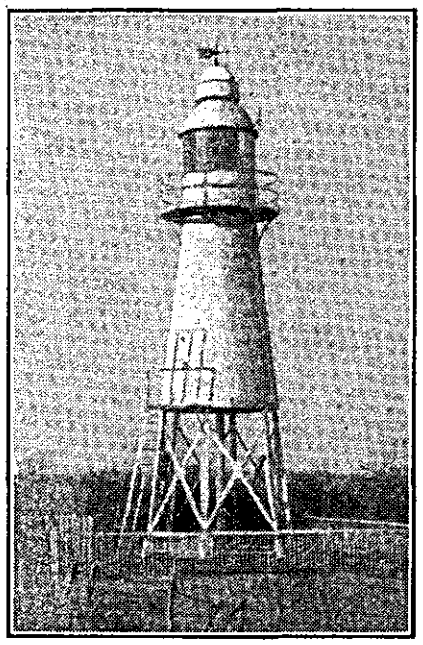
ENGLAND'S CHANGING LIGHTHOUSES



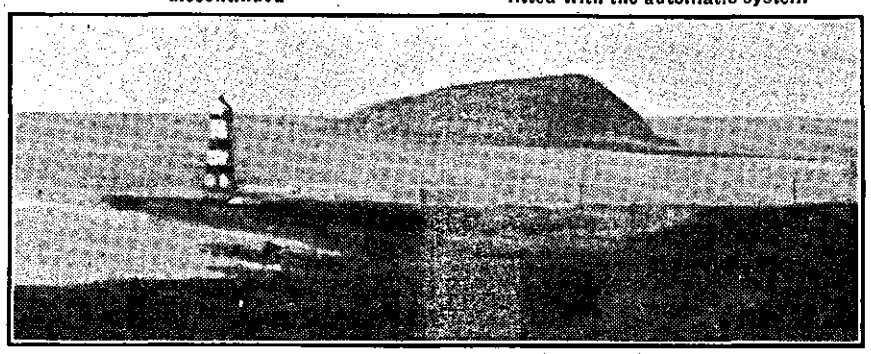
The lighthouse at Hunstanton, which is to be dismantled



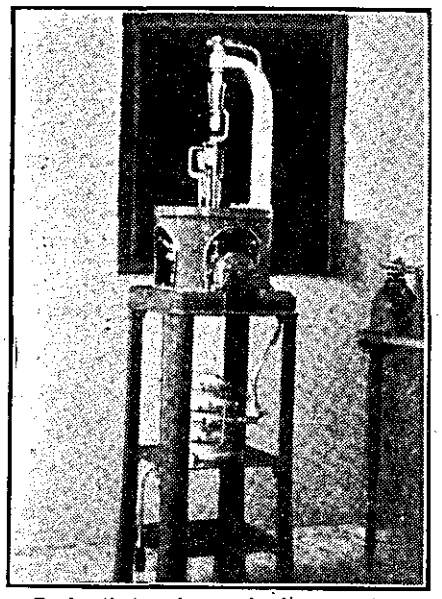
Winterton Lighthouse, that is being discontinued



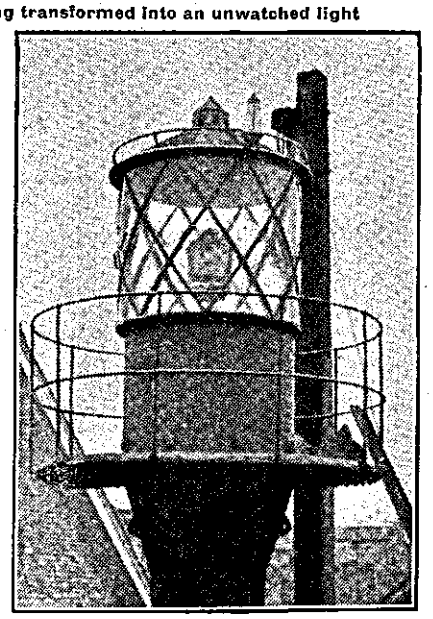
East Usk Lighthouse, in the Bristol Channel, fitted with the automatic system



Lighthouse on the Menai Straits now being transformed into an unwatched light



Device that replaces a broken mantle in an automatic lighthouse



Head of a mast on an automatic lightship

Important changes are now being carried out in connection with some English lighthouses. Some, like Hunstanton and Winterton, are being discontinued, as improvements in other lights render them now unnecessary; while a number of other lighthouses are being fitted with automatic lights, so that they will no longer need keepers. **See next column**

SILENT LIGHTHOUSES

LAMPS THAT LOOK AFTER THEMSELVES

Natives Fear the Sentinels that Guard the Mariner

THE VANISHING LIGHT-HOUSE-KEEPER

News comes from the Philippines that the natives have been making trouble owing to their superstitious fear of the automatic lighthouses which are more and more taking the place of the old type of lighthouse, which needs a keeper. Several of these changes are now being carried out on the British coasts, and more will, no doubt, follow very soon; but the natives in the Philippines seem to have a great fear of lights which shine, and turn themselves on and off without any visible human aid.

By the new system a lighthouse or lightship can be left unattended for months at a time; yet the light shines faithfully by night and goes out during the day as though human hands were tending it. A gas accumulator provides the luminant, and the light is turned on and off by an ingenious sun-valve worked by the daylight.

Boon for Lonely Coasts

The advantage of the new system is, of course, very great, for an enormous saving is effected by the adoption of unattended lights, and thus funds are available for multiplying lights where they are needed.

Many automatic lighthouses and lightships are in operation round the coasts of Britain, but it is in the outlying regions of the world that the unattended lights are most valuable.

On the dangerous and lonely coasts of British Columbia and Alaska, bristling with fiords and rugged headlands, a huge expenditure would have been necessary for the provision and maintenance of lighthouses of the old type, with relays of keepers, at every treacherous point; but anchored buoys have been placed where necessary, and these are fitted with automatic lights so that the mariner can be warned at night.

1000 Lights Without Attendants

In Swedish waters there are now nearly 150 of these automatic lights, floating buoys, and ships without attendants, and throughout the world there are nearly a thousand at work.

This wonderful apparatus has solved the problem of lighting such danger spots as the Straits of Magellan, Cape Horn, the Northern Labrador coast, and Hudson's Bay, places where it would be almost impossible for two or three men to live in utter isolation for months together and retain their faculties unimpaired. Now, however, the light shines out in these places, and travellers by sea find it difficult to believe that no human being attends them.

Along the wildest stretches of the African coast many of these lights twinkle cheerfully, and Australia's shores are protected by nearly a hundred unattended beacons.

Eyes that Shine in the Night

In some of the wilder parts of the world, however, difficulties arise with the natives, who cannot understand the light shining in the night apparently without human aid. They fear some supernatural influence harmful to themselves, and endeavour to put out the light. The lights are, in fact, regarded as eyes shining through the darkness.

As already stated, considerable trouble of this kind has occurred in the Philippines recently, where many of the small outlying islands have automatic lighthouses established. The natives endeavour to smash them up, and till they get used to them it is necessary to set a guard. This, however, is a difficulty that time will remove, for familiarity will eventually breed contempt, and the natives will, in the course of time, come to ignore the lights. *Pictures on this page*

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NO MORE RUST

WONDERS OF THE NEW STEEL

Fresh Chapter Opening Up for the Iron Age

HOW TO HELP THINGS ON

By Our Economic Correspondent

We are now promised a world in which iron and steel will not rust.

Iron, the king of metals, which made man master of the earth and its materials, suffers from its great friendship with the colourless gas which forms so large a part of air and water—the gas we call oxygen. These chemical friendships are very wonderful, and not easily broken. For some reason not yet known to man oxygen loves iron like a brother. It seizes upon it in the presence of water and combines with it to make a quite different compound—rust.

Rust costs us millions of pounds a year. We find it necessary to coat iron or steel in some way to prevent oxidation. Painting, enamelling, tarring, are all simple ways; more effective coats of protective material are formed of tin, zinc, or magnetic oxide. When zinc is used to protect iron the product is called galvanised iron.

Making Steel Hard

All these processes are costly and wasteful. Galvanised iron perishes in the open air in six or seven years! The painting of bridges and other big iron structures is very expensive.

A few years ago Mr. Brearley, of Sheffield, made the important discovery that if a certain amount of chromium was alloyed with steel a rustless metal was produced. The discovery was also made independently in America by Mr. Elwood Haynes. Chromium is a hard, grey metal somewhat resembling iron, but much rarer, and it has long been used to mix with steel to make it harder.

Chromium has been so much used for this purpose that it is remarkable that nobody had hitherto discovered that a considerable proportion of it in alloy would give us a rustless steel.

Rustless Knives

Rustless steel has already been a great success, and it is becoming familiar on our dinner-tables in the form of stainless cutlery, which can be washed like a silver spoon, and does away with the dirty work of knife-cleaning.

So slow are we to adopt improvements, however, that stainless steel is not widely used, although it is much cheaper in the end. A knife which has not to be cleaned with knife-powder lasts ten times as long, for the old cleaning was really a wearing away of the blade.

Many things are being made of rustless steel at Sheffield and elsewhere, but we do not get the chance to buy them freely. Needles, garden tools, hat-pegs, scissors, screw-drivers, stair-rods, scientific instruments, and saucepans are among the things successfully produced with the new material, and if we ask for them at the shops we help their makers to produce them. It is always a good thing to ask for new ideas at the shops; it helps things on.

Iron in Place of Brass

A newer development is rustless iron. The rustless iron differs from rustless steel in containing about one-third as much carbon as the steel. As in the case of rustless steel, chromium is the secret, about ten per cent of this metal being added to the iron.

It is possible to make a much larger range of articles out of rustless iron than out of rustless steel. Unpainted iron is really a very beautiful metal, and few things look better in a domestic living-room than an iron grate, or iron electric light fittings, plainly wrought by hand. Their drawback in the past has been rust, which calls for constant attention. The stainless iron will make it possible to use iron for nearly all articles now made of brass, such as bath taps, door fittings, and hinges.

THE COMPOSER'S HAT

Saint Saëns in Paris

By Our Paris Correspondent

The other day the well-known composer Saint Saëns, having come to pay a visit at the Paris Opera, was cheerfully chatting with several of his numerous admirers.

"I do not like walking about in Paris," he said; "I am too much known here. People are continually saying 'Good-morning, master,' and so on."

To tell the truth, the genial composer very rarely takes his hat off. It is not a want of courtesy, but the thing makes him angry. However, this brings him some curious little penalties at times. An old clerk of the Prefecture was telling us that one day he saw coming into his office a very smart gentleman, with his hat on, asking for information.

"I am going to answer you," said the clerk, "but take off your hat, will you?"

The gentleman did not move.

"Please take your hat off," said the scribbler again.

"I am Monsieur Saint Saëns," proudly said the gentleman, beginning to fret.

"Oh, sir, what an honour for us! I rave about your music!" said the clerk. "Well, Monsieur Saint Saëns, please forgive me if I ask you to take your hat off."

The proud composer burst out laughing, and yielded at last to so pressing and humble a prayer.

RED MONDAY

Do You Think in Colours?

When we think of roses we think of red, or yellow, or pink, or white flowers; and it is, of course, quite natural that when we think of coloured objects we should think in colours, and even see the colours in our imagination. But there are some people who think in colours even when the thing thought of has no colour.

Miss E. M. Bickersteth has been conducting an inquiry into the "colour thinking" of over 4000 children. She examined English, Welsh, and Scottish children, and found that colour thinking was quite common among them.

One child described Monday as a vivid red; Tuesday as dull grey, crinkled and pale; Sunday as a pale, restful green; Saturday as grey. Another child thought Wednesday blue; and others thought it mauve and yellow.

The highest percentage of children thinking in colours was found in Sutherlandshire, where 80 per cent. of the girls and 60 per cent. of the boys were colour thinkers, seeing such things as days, letters, and sounds as coloured ideas.

TRAGIC HISTORY OF A MOTOR-CYCLE

A Very Sad Record

A young man in Kent sold his motor-cycle a few years ago after having been several times thrown off it in the streets.

The man who bought it was killed while riding it in a collision near Swanley.

The man who bought it after his death has now been killed while riding it, on the first anniversary of the death of its previous owner.

POST-OFFICE AT SEA

French Navy Idea

The French Post-Office is experimenting with the idea of establishing regular mail offices on board important ships in the French navy.

If it can be done it will be a great help to seamen and their families, allowing more regular correspondence and quicker settlement of money matters.

CHILDREN'S PROMISE

Keeping Our Country Beautiful

IDEA FOR SCOUTS AND GUIDES

The Women's Village Council Federation is doing most delightful work in circulating to schools a form of pledge, to be signed by the scholars, promising to do all they can to preserve the beauty of the village or town in which they live.

A correspondent informs us that in one village in Yorkshire 10,000 children made the promise in 19 years, and the result was the creation of quite a new atmosphere in the place.

The promise signed by the child contains these four pledges.

1. I promise not to destroy wild birds' nests, nor to take their eggs, nor to pull up plants by the roots, and not to injure animals, trees, plants, and flowers.
2. To do my best to sow seeds or plant trees or flowers in and around the village at least once a year.
3. Not to throw broken crockery, tins, papers, or other rubbish in the fields, lanes, and woods, or in ponds around the village.
4. To do all I can to make my home, school, and village healthy and beautiful.

What a splendid pledge for young or old, in town or village—everywhere!

WIRELESS TRAINS

One Man Controls Two Engines

Following the recent successful experiments in the controlling of a battleship by wireless comes the news of tests now being carried out by the Orleans Railway Company between Paris and Juvisy, in which the movements of railway trains are being controlled by wireless signals.

In this system the train has an engine at both ends, and is particularly suitable for work on mountain railways. The front engine has a driver as usual, but he controls the rear locomotive as well as his own, and applies the brakes by wireless.

The signals are transmitted along the rails to the rear locomotive, which is fitted with selective receivers—that is to say, differently-tuned wireless detectors, each of which will respond to a fixed wave-length, and each operating a different control, such as shutting-off steam, applying the brakes, and so on.

FOOTIT

King of French Clowns

By Our Paris Correspondent

Footit, the king of the French clowns, is no more. Footit is dead!

The incomparable clown has often been called a sort of genius, and the word does not seem too great for Footit was really an artist.

It was always with his famous partner, the Negro Chocolat, that he had his best successes; the incredible drollery of one set off the resignation of the other.

Who has not heard their ludicrous dialogue on "The two bits of wood"?

Footit offered three gold coins if Chocolat could answer three times successively the simple words "Two bits of wood" to the questions he would put. Then he began:

"Monsieur, where did you go today?"

"Two bits of wood."

"Was it warm out?"

"Two bits of wood."

"I am afraid you have lost!"

"How is that?" innocently inquired Chocolat.

"Because you answered, How is that?"

And there are heaps of stories of this sort which make Paris remember and regret poor Footit.

BIRD THROUGH A WINDOW

A sparrowhawk at Kippen, in Perthshire, seeing a linnet in a cage, dashed at it through the glass of a window. The window broke, and the bird lay stunned before it flew away.

THE WEEK IN HISTORY

SPLENDID EXAMPLE TO THE WORLD

The American Boy's Orator

STORMY FIGURE OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION

Oct. 23. Chile and Argentina boundary settled 1881
24. Daniel Webster died at Marshfield, U.S.A. 1852
25. Battle of Agincourt 1415
26. Dr. Doddridge died at Lisbon 1751
27. President Roosevelt born, New York . . 1858
28. Denton born at Arcis-sur-Aube 1759
29. British captured Buenos Ayres 1806

A Triumph of Arbitration

The signing of a boundary treaty between Argentina and Chile in 1881 led to perhaps the most striking illustration of peace between nations through arbitration that the world has seen.

The difficulties were great. The people of Chile and Argentina are quick in quarrel, jealous, and warlike. Their common frontier extends for about 2500 miles, over inaccessible mountains. Armed to the teeth against one another, they signed, in 1881, an agreement as to how the frontier should be drawn—that is, that it should follow the highest peaks in the Andes and the watershed.

But when they began to try to draw the frontier from highest peak to highest peak, and also keep to the watershed, they found the watershed did not follow the peak-to-peak line. Then Argentina made that line her demand, while Chile demanded the watershed boundary; and for 21 years, till 1902, the dispute raged, with war threatening again and again.

Yet each time, when feelings were hottest, arbitration was proposed as a means of settlement, the Americans being arbitrators in the northern section of the frontier, and the British in Patagonia, and the decisions arrived at were accepted on both sides.

And now, as a sign of this peace by agreement after long strife, a colossal figure of Christ stands on the summit of the central pass over the Andes, where the railway crosses the range from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

Daniel Webster

Daniel Webster was the great orator of America whose influence has made Americans a race of orators. It is as natural for an American boy to make a speech as for an English boy to throw a cricket-ball. The American boy has been brought up on Daniel Webster.

But Webster was more than a mere orator: he was a fine statesman and lawyer. He it was who impressed on his countrymen the need of having the many States united as one country. He helped to define the laws that apply to all the States alike.

Daniel Webster would have been a supremely great man but for one thing. He hesitated to undo anything that had been done, even though it might be wrong. And so a time came when he excused slavery because it was an American institution.

But for his timidity in unsettling wrong David Webster would have been a very great man.

Danton

Georges Jacques Danton was one of the great, stormy figures of the French Revolution. He tried to ride the whirlwind but was engulfed by it, and lost his head under the guillotine.

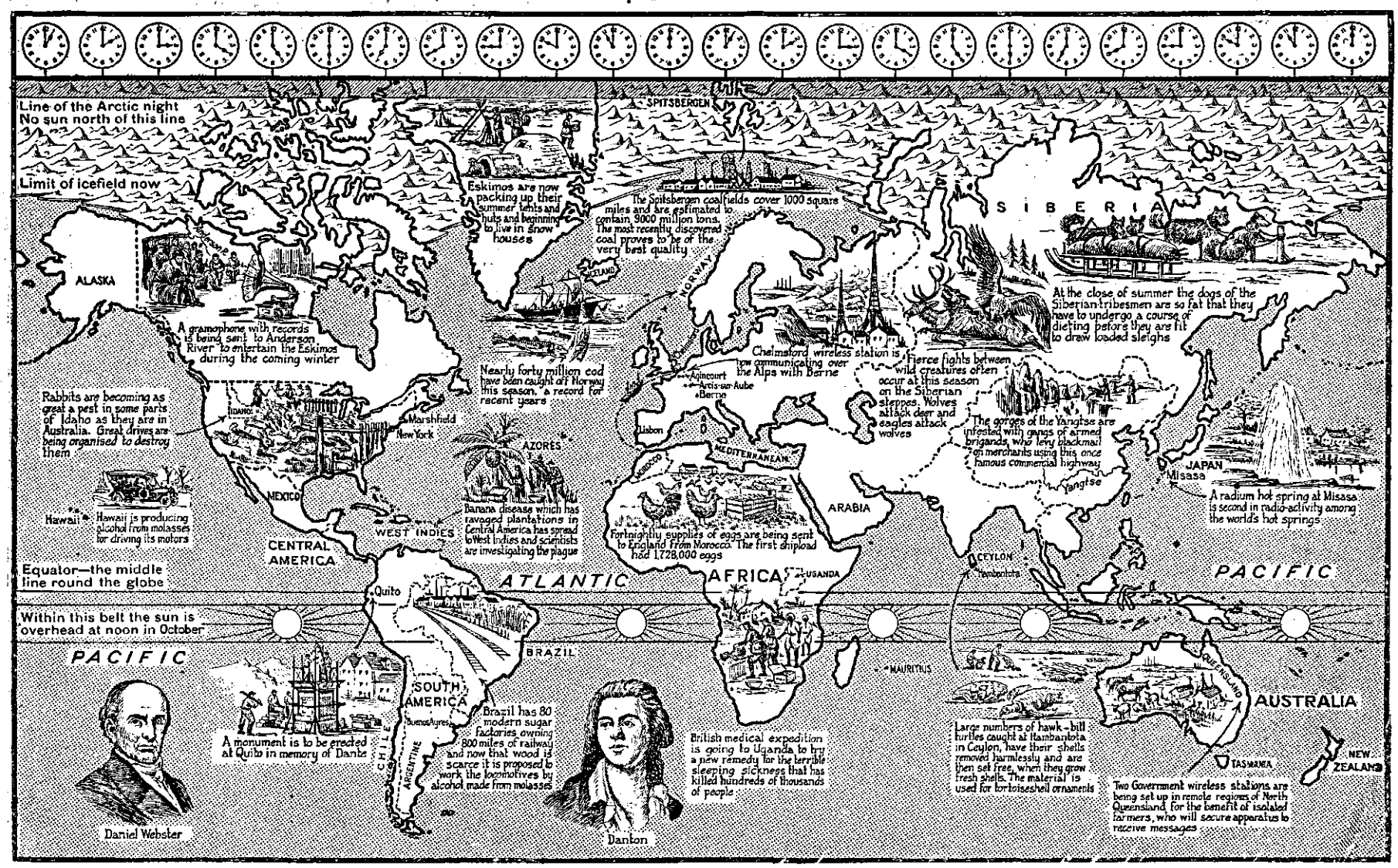
He was a lawyer by profession, and became president of one of the many political clubs formed in Paris during the Revolution. His power as an orator was great, and after the death of Mirabeau he became the figurehead of the extreme party, which he hoped to guide into statesmanlike ways.

This caused him to be deserted by the wilder spirits, and he was imprisoned and tried. Afraid that his impassioned defence would rally the people to his side, his enemies suddenly declared him guilty, and executed him the next day.

One of his last sayings was, "Better be a poor fisherman than be concerned in governing men."

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PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



THE HIDDEN FONT

Why Was It Concealed?

CROMWELL'S MEN OR PLAGUE GERMS?

In telling the story of the discovery of an old leaden font in a Kent church, where it had been hidden for centuries by coat upon coat of whitewash or plaster, we imagined, as most people have done, that the font was covered up to save it from the rude hands of Cromwell's soldiers.

A distinguished London reader wonders if such a reason is necessarily correct. Not all church monuments found in this condition were plastered to hide them from Puritan soldiery, he thinks.

At that period all public buildings were by law frequently whitewashed and disinfected, he says, owing to the prevalence of plague and smallpox.

That is perfectly true, and there has been discovered of late a number of old pine tablets in Christchurch Priory, coated a full inch in whitewash. Obviously they cannot have been coated over for the purpose of concealment; it is highly probable they were washed to sterilise them in time of pestilence.

We appreciate our reader's note, and there are, no doubt, many examples of the whitewashing of old monuments for hygienic reasons; but we are convinced that the font in Lower Halstow Church was covered up for concealment. It is difficult to understand why a font should be whitewashed and not the building itself, or why the covering on the font should be allowed to become so thick as to hide it from view for generations.

In the Auction Rooms

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest.

A mahogany Chippendale suite	£126
A Queen Anne bookcase	£78
A cottage at Margate	£15

Two violins made from the wood of a tree felled by Mr. Gladstone at Hawarden £5

A CHILD REMEMBERS

Paying Back for France

By Our Paris Correspondent

Marshal Fayolle, just back from Canada, where he had been sent by the French Government, has been telling us of a moving little fact.

While he was over there a letter was addressed to the marshal from a humble little French girl 12 years old, who, having saved 20 francs of her own money, begged him to give it to a poor little Canadian girl.

Could there have come into the mind of a child a more beautiful idea than thus to return the kindness shown to French children by Canada during the war? She was giving back what she could to the Canadian children who, during five years of war, deprived themselves of many comforts for the sake of helping France. Here is one incident out of thousands that happened then.

By an old Canadian custom all the children of a family wear the same frock on their christening day. The silk dress, carefully kept, is always given to the eldest daughter, who keeps up the tradition for the christening of her first-born baby. One day during the war a Canadian girl sent to the French writer Maurice Barrès the precious christening frock she had saved, asking that he should give it to a little French baby with her best wishes! Such things do most surely strengthen the idea of the League of Nations.

A GRIM BUSINESS

Giant Shell of the War

A shell weighing two tons, dropped from a height of a mile on the village of Havay, not far from Mons, in the last year of the war, has just been dug up.

It did not explode when it fell, but made a hole in the earth about fifty feet deep. It is believed that its charge of explosive weighed nearly three-quarters of a ton, and the excavation of such a monstrous shell was a work of great anxiety.

A VERY OLD MAN

And His Splendid Faculties

A very old man who helped to build Aldershot has lately reached his 103rd birthday at Ash, near Aldershot.

It is said that his teeth are perfect, he does not wear glasses, he can hear quite well, he goes alone up and down stairs, dresses himself, and sharpens his own razor. He has a wonderful memory.

Mr. Isaac Lamb, this interesting centenarian, began work 96 years ago, and remembers Aldershot when there were only an inn and two thatched cottages. He remembers seeing the Duke of Wellington walking about in Hampshire.

THIS WONDERFUL YEAR

Autumn May Blossom

Evidences of the wonderful character of the weather in 1921 continue to reach us from our readers. Here are some of the instances.

Fully developed primroses were plucked in Springburn, Glasgow, this month, 300 ft. above sea level, with northern exposure.

May blossom (hawthorn) was gathered near Oxford on Sept. 27. Very sweet.

White spring violets and strawberries were in bloom at Tetbury, Gloucestershire, at the beginning of October.

THE SLUM MOTHER

From a Correspondent

This little bit of talk was heard in a slum quarter of Paris. A concierge was chatting with a friend about a neighbour, a woman who had been arrested for stealing.

"It is not surprising," said one. "She never prayed to God once in her life!"

"Did she not? She had no children, then," observed the other.

"Yes; she had two."

"Oh, then it is because they have never been ill!"

NATION'S GUEST ROOM

A Good Idea for the Galleries

NEW JOURNEYS FOR OLD MASTERS

By Our Paris Correspondent

One of the questions discussed at an art congress in Paris was the extension of the practice of lending pictures from one gallery to another.

This has often been done between galleries in the same countries, and sometimes between galleries in different countries, but the idea now is that each European gallery should set aside a special room which should be used for pictures lent by foreign countries—a Chambre d'Amis, or Guest Room.

Paris, for instance, would receive as guests at the Louvre either the beautiful Turners from London, or a few Rembrandts from Antwerp, or some Murillos from Spain. At the same time the National Gallery in London would welcome for a while our Fragonards, our Watteaus, and so on. So our Old Masters would become ambassadors.

The scheme was tried in Paris last spring, when we had a magnificent show of Dutch painters, such as Rembrandt, Peter de Hooch, John Steen, Vermeer—all pictures lent to us from every part of the world. These splendid works had been insured—a Frank Hals, for instance, was insured from America for two million francs—but all reached their homes quite safely.

What a great help for artists and students, and for all those who love art and cannot afford to travel if they could enjoy at home the splendid pictures spread all over the world, which otherwise would remain unknown to them.

Pronunciations in this Paper

Arcis-sur-Aube	Ar-se-soor-ohb
Buenos Ayres	Bway-nohs-I-rays
Chocolat	Shok-o-lah
Iroquois	Ir-o-kwoy
Ojibway	.O-jib-way
Saint Saëns	San-sahn

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CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER
OCTOBER 22 ❀ ❀ 1921

Something To Laugh At

A MAN famous all over the world for his knowledge has laid it down that there is no such thing as the sun.

"Though it is true that the sun is hot, yet nothing exists which is the sun," we are told.

It would be an act of grave immodesty on our part to argue with so profound a philosopher, but we shall venture to take the liberty of laughing at him. For we are convinced, not only that there is a sun, but that laughter is good for clear thinking; and we are persuaded that all the mischief in the world comes in the first place from wrong thinking.

In all the ages of the world there have been famous men whose thoughts were worthy of Alice in her Wonderland, whose lives of scholarship were nothing more than a hunting of the Jabberwock. If people had laughed at them the world would have been saved from endless wars, dark and noisome dungeons, scaffolds, and flaming faggots; but the world made a supreme mistake: instead of laughing, it argued with them.

Now, it might almost be said that laughter is given to us for the purpose of ridiculing folly. It is well for us to plant our feet firmly on the rock of good sense. There is just now a distinct movement in certain ways of thinking which leads straight to lunacy. Our newspapers delight in wild and absurd nonsense. If we allow ourselves to be interested in such things we shall either be holding absurd theories or attempting to disprove them by argument, and in both cases we shall be talking nonsense. Let us be practical.

The gift of England to the progress of the human mind is the gift of good sense. Let us be content with that. If we can advance the happiness of mankind, if we can add to the merciful knowledge of the human race, if we can confer a new and greater dignity on the life of men, let us proceed to such work, undistracted by the huzzas which greet the revelation of some profound philosopher born in another corner of the world's workshop.

Above all, let us be on our guard against delusions. Men can think themselves into philosophical lunacy. A great protection against such folly is a calm judgment and a knowledge of the proper use of language.

Let us go out into the sun, shining so wonderfully as these words are written in these amazing October days, and smile. Certain philosophers say now that the universe is "boundless but not infinite," a phrase that would have brought a delightful smile to the face of Shakespeare. And now comes a gentleman to tell us that there is no such thing as the sun, in this Year of Sunshine!



THE EDITOR'S TABLE



❀ ❀ Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world

The Way to the Millennium

ONE lesson man needs more than all—the lesson of how to think.

We remember long ago, when Mr. Joseph Chamberlain was wearing himself out to interest us all in the British Empire, how he would insist from his platforms on our *thinking imperially*.

Now we read with pleasure in the Times an appeal that we should "see universal problems universally."

That is the way of progress. Man begins by thinking individually; he comes in time to think nationally; he is then exhorted to think imperially; and at last he reaches his full pride and dignity and begins to *think universally*.

That is the way to the Millennium.

❀

The Struggle and the Prize

"ALL that glisters is not gold," says Shakespeare, and one of our great surgeons has proved it once more true.

He once won a gold medal at a hospital, but, looking on it as a sinful waste of money, he sold it to a goldsmith, who cut it open and found a lump of lead in the middle!

Which shows once more that you can never be sure of anything—except that the honour and the joy are always in the struggle, and never in the prize. "It is better to travel than to arrive," said R. L. S., and it is better to win a medal than to wear it.

❀

Tennis by Night

WE read of tennis by night. It sounds like progress, but we wonder where it will lead us to.

Our fathers regarded the winter as an opportunity for cultivating the mind. They lit their lamps, not to knock a ball about, but to read a book. They kept their minds exercised as well as their bodies.

There is no harm in a game of tennis at night; but does it not look as if the world were losing its taste for reading and reflection, as if games were taking up too much of our time?

The best place for exercise is the open air, and the less we tire ourselves in confined spaces the better for our health. But, in addition to this, we owe a duty to our minds, and winter is the most delightful season for the duty and pleasure of reading.

And, above all, brains are not less important than muscles.

Dr. Six-Year-Old

THERE is a fine little doctor in a Derbyshire school. He is six years old. Sitting next to a rather sick child who was continually coughing, the little doctor said: "Thee swap boots with me, and then tha'll not cough any more."

We have heard of many old women's ways of stopping coughs, but we like this young boy's best of all.

❀

Tip-Cat

DEAN INGE declares that "Communism is only possible on a small scale." He has been weighing it.

⊡

HAVING saved the world for democracy, it is now the business of the world to save democracy.

⊡

"THE worst quarrels," writes a housewife, "are generally on washing-day." So easy to get into hot water then



PETER PUCK WANTS TO KNOW
If dressmakers keep tuckshops

⊡

THERE is a motor for one out of every 14 people in America; the other 13 are trying to get out of its way.

⊡

WHEN the Yap question is settled the statesmen of the world will turn their attention to the Bight of Heligoland, where the barques are, and the Dog Star gets its tail curtailed.

⊡

THE chemist who tells us that "the popularity of the snapshot is beyond belief" quite expects us to believe it.

⊡

"WHERE are the public today?" asks Mr. Lambert, M.P. That is what the public wants to know.

⊡

SINGING makes you cheery, says Sir Harry Lauder. Some.

⊡

THERE are a thousand and one uses for gas, according to a grown-up newspaper. So we must not make light of it.

❀

Poems of Peter Puck

THE ATOM

LITTLE drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Have it in their power to
Blow us off the land.

WON'T it be a picture,
Thrilling heart and wits,
When this dear old planet
Blows itself to bits?



THE TOPSY-TURVY MONEY WORLD—BUYING A YARD OF CLOTH

Nothing Going On

By Our Country Girl

"THERE'S nothing going on here," said the apple-cheeked woman.

Well, I should think not! They live on the heath, six miles from a shop, a public-house, or a kinema. Once a month a grocer toils across the heather to them. Once a week a valiant clergyman comes panting over the hills to the tin church, where a small girl plays hymns with one finger.

No, there wouldn't be much going on here—except spring and summer, and autumn and winter, and gorse and apple blossom, and old age.

At that moment a beautiful girl of sixteen came in. When she had gone her mother spoke of her goodness and her clever housewifery. Yet, she concludes, it's a wonder she's here, or any of us, for that matter.

One Winter's Night

"You see," she went on, "we used to live lower down, right by the creek. We were poor; I had six little ones then. Our house was made of mud.

"Well, one winter's night, about four months before Mary was born, I had bathed the children by the kitchen fire and sent them up to bed in their night things. It was a wild night, and about four o'clock in the morning we were wakened by shouts.

"I ran to the window. I could hardly see anything, but I heard my uncle shouting above the noise of the storm:

'The river's up. The porch has gone, and the roof's going. Come on! There's not a moment to lose. I've got a ladder and a cart.'

"The tide and the river had met, and everything was in flood. I shall never forget dragging the little children out of bed, and pushing them through the window in their night things. It was impossible to go down and get their clothes even if there had been time. They were all terrified and crying. But we managed to get away.

The Kindly Neighbours

"Sure enough, in a few minutes the roof went in, and the house was washed away with everything we had in the world. The children were scared to death and soaked to the bone.

"Next day the neighbours were very kind, each bringing something. Then we had to start life afresh. It was uphill work, but we put our backs into it, and by and by we saved enough to get a horse and cart. That gave us our start. When we got cows I used to be up by four every morning, and do the dairy work before I got the breakfast and sent the children off to school—I've had twelve children. Of course, now they are grown up I don't have to work so hard. It's a nice little farm, isn't it?"

I said, honestly enough, that it was a fine little farm, and added that it was a beautiful place.

"Yes," she said, "it's very pretty, but there's nothing going on here."

❀

THE world is very evil,
The times are waxing late;
Be sober and keep vigil,
The Judge is at the gate.

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TOPSY-TURVY MONEY WORLD

CAN IT BE KEPT QUIET?

How a Great King Solved the Problem Long Ago

URGENT NEED OF NATIONS

Much interest has been aroused by the C.N.'s suggestion of an international coin as a way out of the chaos of the world, and it is earnestly to be hoped that the League of Nations will have an opportunity of looking into this subject.

What we have to remember is that the people of the world are one great family, trading with one another in order that all may be prosperous; and no general trade among them is possible as long as a sovereign in London is worth about 15s. in New York, £2 in France, £4 in Italy, £25 in Germany, £280 in Austria, and £1000 in Poland. What trade needs is a coin whose value we can reckon on.

Value of a Sovereign

It is one of the tragic ironies of life that if misfortune befalls a nation that terrible factor that we call exchange turns instantly against the troubled nation and adds to its disaster. A prosperous nation always finds its money of full value, but a broken nation, struggling for its very life, sees its money losing its purchasing power, crippling every effort it makes to recover its strength.

It is true of nations, as of men, that "to him that hath shall be given, and he that hath not, from him shall be taken away even that he hath."

Look at the value of an English sovereign in the world just now; we give the figures for a day not long ago.

	£1 IN 1914	£1 TODAY
France, 25 francs		52
Belgium, 25 francs		49
Italy, 25 lires		95
U.S.A., about 5 dollars		3·70
Germany, 20 marks		450
Vienna, 24 crowns		7500
Poland, 10 roubles		9600

Quite clearly nothing can be done to restore the old prosperity of the world on a topsy-turvy basis like this. All existing methods and currency have failed, and only peace and industry can restore the old balance. The problem is difficult and complex, but there does seem possible one heroic act of sanity.

Need for International Coin

If the League of Nations can be trusted to settle the nationality of peoples and the boundaries of countries, could it not be entrusted with a step toward finding an international coin, which, wherever it was produced, would buy goods to the value of the sum marked on its face?

If the League could do this for us all it would only be doing what a king once did for his nation. King Louis IX, the immortal St. Louis of France, found France a miniature of what the world is now. The land was ruled by some eighty warring barons, and each baron had his own currency. A man setting forth on his travels would find the money of his own province useless, or nearly useless, in the next province.

Poor Rich Man

The robber baron through whose territory he passed deliberately made his coins different from his neighbour's, and he was continually altering their values, as the values alter on our international exchanges today. A man rich in the money of his own province found himself almost pauperised a few miles away in his native land, simply because there was no fixed standard circulation.

One of the bravest things this great King Louis did was to smash this system of brigandage. He unified the nation and brought it all under his own sway; and one of his most potent weapons was the currency.

He forbade the barons, on peril of death, to alter money values. He caused money to be coined which every man

Continued in the next column

WHEN THE FAME HAS PASSED AWAY

A VERY strange story, and true, has come our way, and we pass it on.

During the first air raid on London a poor woman was dreadfully wounded. But she proved so great a heroine that the newspapers talked about her for weeks, and she became famous.

She would smile and say to the nurses in the hospital, "I have been called on by mayors and mayoresses, and the King and Queen, and that wouldn't have happened to me if it hadn't been for a bomb." She was a cripple for life.

The other day we met someone who knows this brave woman, and we asked how she was getting on.

"Ah, poor thing!" said our friend. "All the romance has gone now. She lies day after day, night after night, in a little dark room in a dull little street, and nobody goes to see her, and nobody talks about her, and now she is just one of London's many invalids. The world has forgotten her altogether, and her helplessness makes things rather difficult in the home."

What enormous strength it needs to keep smiling when no one is looking!

Poor woman! To be a heroine, and then a nuisance! Let us send her our love—the love of thousands and thousands of children who can run about, and the love of some brave children who, like her, can neither walk nor run.

TRAGIC SIGHT IN THE STREETS OF RUSSIA



The rich of pre-war days trying to sell their knick-knacks



The new poor waiting for customers in the market-place

People who were once rich in Russia are now living in the direst poverty, and many of those who formerly rode in carriages have to sell their personal belongings to buy bread, as they are seen doing here in the Smolensk market at Moscow

Continued from the previous column

was compelled to accept at the value it was declared to possess.

France prospered amazingly from the change. Every man knew what to expect in return for his work or his goods, a thing he had never known before. It was useless for a baron to mint a coin worth a centime and call it a franc; and useless for him to pretend that someone else's franc was only a centime. Nation-wide trade became possible because men knew precisely how much money they would have to pay and would receive; knew that they would not be plutocrats one day and beggars the next.

The world today is very much in the position of France in the days of Louis. Exchanges leap up and down with the faintest rumour. It is whispered that a particular statesman is to be turned out of office, and up or down go the exchanges, without warning. A rumour runs that a little nation will be in debt over its year's expenditure, and down goes the value of its coinage.

There are a multitude of difficulties we have not considered, but the first step toward their removal must surely come through an international agreement not to call a sovereign 15s. 5d. in one place and £125 in another. Has any single statesman given a single thought to this great and all-important subject? We know that one or two men have the matter in mind, but have the men we trust to solve problems like these time to spare from party politics to help the world from its bed of delirium on to its feet, sane and sound, and ready for a new journey to the Better Days?

HALF THE WORLD ROUND AUSTRALIA

POPULATION PROBLEM

A Mighty Continent with Fewer People than London

RICH LAND THAT NEEDS CHILDREN

Half the population of the world is crowded round the North of Australia, the greatest island-continent, yet the figures of the recent Australian census show the population of the continent to be only 5,426,008. This gives an increase of only 971,003 in ten years.

These figures must cause a good deal of concern to lovers of the Commonwealth, and Lord Northcliffe has attracted wide attention to the subject by warning Australia of the danger of an empty continent with surging millions round it.

Vast Country Wasting

Here is a vast continent of nearly three million square miles, with a climate ranging from tropical to temperate, where practically every natural product that man requires can be grown or found. Yet after a century of colonisation, with facilities for travel across the seas unparalleled in history, it has a population less than London.

Of course, at present much of Australia is desert or wilderness, and needs well-sinking and irrigation to make it a fit home for a large population, but, taking the country as a whole, there are fewer than two people to the square mile throughout Australia. In Belgium the average is 600 to the square mile.

Now compare these figures with those of Japan, the country away to the north of Australia, which is so overcrowded that it must find an outlet for its surplus people somewhere. The area of Japan proper is only 148,756 square miles, yet its population is about 60 millions, or 400 to the square mile, and it increases 15 per cent. every year, compared with Australia's two per cent.

Growth of Other Countries

Half a century or more ago the Australian population was increasing by leaps and bounds. Between 1840 and 1850 the population doubled. Here are the population figures for every ten years from 1850 to 1880:

1850	510,000	1870	1,900,000
1860	1,224,000	1880	2,725,000

Here are figures showing the increase in the United States in its early days:

1790	3,930,000	1810	7,240,000
1800	5,308,000	1820	9,655,000

Canada's population nearly doubled in the ten years from 1830 to 1840:

1830	910,000	1840	1,690,000

These figures for recent years show Canada's population:

1881	4,324,810	1901	5,371,315
1891	4,833,239	1911	7,206,643

If Australia is to remain a white man's country it will have to attract emigrants, and, when it gets them, encourage them in every way to build up families and populate the continent.

Big Families

The family is the unit of population and the source of all lasting prosperity; and, while in some old and thickly-peopled countries there may be difficulties in the way of large families, in a great and rich continent like Australia there is room for all, and problems of overcrowding do not arise.

Big, healthy families dotted all over the country will mean a great future for Australia, for the lusty sons and the happy lasses, when they grow up, will advance into the wild, bringing more and more of the wilderness under cultivation, and adding to the wealth of the State and the number of its citizens. There is no wealth but life, said Ruskin, and he was right. What Australia needs, with all her boundless wealth, is more of the true wealth of life.

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THE BLAZING FURNACES

LIGHTING THE FIRES OF INDUSTRY

The Blast Furnace that Burns from Year to Year

TON OF COAL IN SEVEN MINUTES

The furnace fires of industry are lighting up again.

This is the best news we have had for a long time, for it means that British trade is reviving after many months of paralysis; unemployment will be lessened, and thousands who have been reduced to poverty will find work again.

Practically every blast furnace in this country has been out of use for months owing to the recent coal strike and the subsequent high price of fuel.

The blast furnace is the fountain-head of the iron and steel industries. If it has to be damped down no metal can be produced and thousands of people are workless.

Only a calamitous event like the coal strike can drive blast furnaces to damp down. In normal times they burn constantly, day and night, year after year, without being allowed to go out.

Stoking Up the Furnace

When they do go out re-lighting is a gigantic and costly task. The modern blast furnace has a mighty appetite for fuel, and ton after ton of wood must be thrown in to start the fire.

When the flames have caught a good hold roaring blasts of hot air and gas are sent up from below, and loads of coke are tipped in. At full pressure it consumes fuel at the rate of a ton in every seven minutes.

The furnace must burn for a week or a fortnight before the heat is fierce enough to melt the crude ore. The ore is tipped in together with the loads of fuel, and slowly it melts and sinks. When it has accumulated at the bottom the vent, a huge disc of clay, is broken by men with long crowbars, and the metal, like a flashing cascade of gold, pours into the sand-moulds or ladles in which it is taken to the rolling-mills.

Tremors of the Earth

The whole of the works can be set going now, and what a thrilling spectacle it is! Huge steam hammers beat great splashes out of the red-hot metal; glowing ingots are being swallowed by the rolling-mills and sent out in sinewy red bars across the floor; half-naked men, like pigmies among the giant machinery, move about in the crimson glow, while the earth around is full of vague tremors.

The kindling of a big blast furnace cost about £3000 until not long ago, and this caused many ironmasters to postpone the starting-up process till coke became cheaper.

Now that the fall in price is coming furnaces are being lit all over the land, from the factories of Clyde and Tees to the Black Country and South Wales.

Hope for the Future

Once more the sky at night grows ruddy with the palpitating glow of the fires—beacon lights which, we may hope, promise us that all will yet be well again in British industry.

How much this means to the workpeople we can imagine from one instance at Bilston, in Staffordshire, where an iron and steel works has been re-started after months of idleness, and nearly two thousand workpeople were at work again within a week.

Of the 300 big furnaces in the country only a dozen or so were working at the end of July, but many of them will soon be lit again. It is to be hoped they will burn for a long time, insuring a prosperous livelihood to the thousands of people dependent upon them.

CHIEF SCOUT'S NEW IDEA

LADYBIRD RANCHES

Millions of Friends for the Farmer

WHAT SCOUTS AND GUIDES CAN DO FOR AGRICULTURE

By Sir Robert Baden-Powell

I was very much interested to read in the C.N. not long ago how the Glasgow municipal authorities have found an insect—the achorutes—which can be used as a filter-cleaner, and so, like the bee and the silkworm, be used for the service of man.

I know of yet another insect which can be harnessed for useful service, and that is the ladybird, that pretty little speckled thing which will often hop on to your hand or your shoulder as you work in the garden, and was described in last week's C.N.

It has been discovered that the ladybird's favourite food is the green aphis fly, which is the arch-enemy of rose-growers and fruit-farmers. This horrid little beast, the aphis, comes in millions in the early summer, and gets on to the buds and tender shoots of the plants and destroys them.

America Shows the Way

For this reason the farmers and rose-growers have to be always spraying their plants with chemical washes to kill off these pests. This, of course, is very expensive, and has this year become almost impossible through the shortage of water for making the mixture. But if we could raise millions of ladybirds and hand them out to the farmers to swarm on their hop vines and fruit trees we should be doing really valuable work for the country.

It may sound a ridiculous idea, but it is already being done in America on a pretty big scale. There the ladybirds go in large numbers up into the mountains during the autumn, and hide themselves in fissures in the rocks to sleep through the winter.

Scouts go into the mountains in November and make maps showing the places where the ladybirds are mustering. Later, in the middle of winter, parties of men with mules and sacks go up to these places when the ladybirds are fast asleep, and pile them into sacks by the million.

Storing the Ladybirds

Then they bring them down and put them in boxes with gauze wire ends, which are stored in dark, cool cellars. Here they are kept asleep till April, instead of waking up, as they would otherwise do, in February or March.

Just as the buds in the gardens are coming out, and the aphis is starting to eat them, ladybird-boxes arrive at the farm, each containing a pound of ladybirds—33,000 insects go to a pound.

This horde of active, hungry, black-spotted creatures is let loose on the enemy, and down they go, swallowed by ladybirds; and the crops are saved.

I hope our Boy Scouts and Girl Guides will start some ladybird ranches. It would be a most useful thing to do, and I believe it can be done here just as well as in America.

BOMBAY'S BIG SCHEME

British Firm's Success

British industry can do big things yet if it has the chance. Once more this is proved by the success of a West Bromwich firm, Messrs. Braithwaite & Sons, in securing a contract offered by the Corporation of Bombay for the installation of a big water-main.

It is to be 105 miles long, and the scheme is one of the most ambitious yet known in India. By it the city of Bombay will obtain all the industrial power it needs.

The scheme will cost £1,500,000, and work will be found for thousands of men.

Four American firms tried to secure the contract, but their estimates were much higher than the British firm's.

100 OIL WELLS

Rich Supply from the Bottom of the World

PROSPEROUS PATAGONIA

Patagonia, at the extreme end of South America, used to be regarded as the very climax of desolation.

But we have learned better in these days, and there seems every likelihood of this once lonely and unknown country becoming one of the world's great wealth-producing and food-yielding areas.

Oil was found there a year or two ago, and now over a million and a half barrels of rich oil are being produced from 90 wells, while 15 new wells are being bored.

A few months ago a great new gusher was struck, and for several days before it could be brought under proper control it spurted out 1300 barrels of oil every hour of the day and night.

The oil covered the adjacent ground till it formed a lake of oil, and at one point this ran into a gully and rushed down to a lower level like a mill-race.

This rich oilfield is situated a thousand miles south of Buenos Aires, at Comodoro Rivodavia, and was discovered by chance when some engineers were boring for water.

It is owned by the Argentine Government, and is already proving a great source of wealth to the country.

It will be remembered that some time ago we told of the immense sheep-rearing industry that had grown up in Patagonia, which bids fair to be the largest wool and mutton-producing country in the world.

COLOUR OF THE SOIL

Does It Help or Hinder Growth?

By Our Paris Correspondent

A curious experiment has just been made in France to determine the effect of the colour of soil on growth.

The test was made in a field planted with vines. The surface of the soil was lightly spread with concrete, except for empty spaces that were left all round each plant. Then one third of the surface was painted white, one third red, and one third black, all the colours running through the concrete.

After several months it was ascertained that in the red and black ground the vines were twice as strong as in the white ground, and this was noticeable at first sight to any passer-by.

The phenomenon is easily explained, the temperature of the soil being much higher under black and red ground than under white, and the activity of the vegetation increasing with temperature.

The discovery is interesting to the South of France, especially as the country there is very rich in red soil. It will also be welcomed in those parts of Russia where the soil is so black, and in Morocco, where it is red.

LITTLE DROPS OF WATER

Something for Stalactites to Do

An ingenious Frenchman has started a trade in making cameos from the mineral waters dropping from stalactites in caves.

He engraves a figure in a steel die, and places numbers of these dies in a cavern, from the roof of which the water drips on to them. In about six months' time the die is filled with limestone deposit, and the stone cameo can be lifted out with the point of a penknife.

PARIS ELECTS A PRISONER

When the French Fleet in the Black Sea was ordered to act against the Russian Republic some sailors protested, and their leader, named Marty, was sent to prison for 20 years. Now, by a dramatic turn of events, he has been elected a town councillor for Paris.

VISITOR IN THE HEAVENS

Is It a Star or a Comet?

HAS THE EARTH LATELY PASSED THROUGH A COMET'S TAIL?

By the C.N. Boy Astronomer

The attention of the whole scientific world was lately drawn to a report from America of the appearance of a new heavenly body.

We were told by Dr. W. W. Campbell, Director of the Lick Observatory, in California, that he and his wife and three guests were watching a beautiful sunset when one of the party drew his attention to what seemed to be a star close to the sun. Dr. Campbell examined it, and came to the conclusion that it was brighter than Venus would have been in the same position. He is convinced that it was a real celestial body, and not due to any unusual terrestrial phenomenon.

The star was seen to the left of the sun and below it, and its distance from the sun appeared to be about six solar diameters, or three degrees.

Bands of Light in the Sky

Nothing more has been heard from the American astronomers, but there are two other interesting incidents connected with it. An amateur astronomer at Wolverhampton reports that he also saw a bright star near the sun on the same evening. The object was elongated in the direction of the sun, and was six degrees from the sun when he saw it, and from the times given we conclude that in five or six hours the star must have moved about three degrees inwards toward the sun.

Now comes another interesting fact. The Baden State Observatory, near Heidelberg, reports that the earth passed through the tail of a comet during the night of August 8, the night following these two observations. This conclusion is drawn from the fact that a number of luminous bands were seen across a clear sky in the form of a wreath. The observatory authorities suggest that the head of the comet passed southward between the earth and the sun.

Mystery for Astronomers

Is it not possible, then, that the star-like object was the head of a bright comet, and that it was through the tail of this comet that the Earth passed? If so the fate of the comet since August 9 is a complete mystery. A comet's tail is made of extremely thin matter, and it might be easily possible for the Earth to pass through a tail without any effects being noticed.

Another suggestion is that the celestial visitor is a new star. If this is proved it will be specially interesting, because all new stars, as hitherto seen, have been situated either in or close to the Milky Way, while this object is quite remote from it.

J. W.

UNTAMEABLE WOLF

Dog that Could not be Mastered

A Belgian reader sends this note about wolves owing to a mention of them in the C.N. Question Box.

Some years ago a gamekeeper friend of my father had a fine dog. Father asked about its pedigree, and was told it was not a dog, but a wolf.

A wolf's litter, the gamekeeper said, is ordinarily composed of three or four pups that drink like wolves, and one or two that lap like dogs.

When they are five or six weeks old they are taken by the she-wolf to water, and as they drink she picks out those that lap, and they are either killed or abandoned.

It was such a one that the keeper had brought up. Till it was two years old it was a good dog, but after that it could not be mastered any more, but constantly tried to get away, and one night attacked its master.

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GULLS FLY INLAND

Sea Birds on the Ploughed Fields

LARGE GULL THAT CATCHES MICE

By Our Country Correspondent

Gulls are beginning to fly inland and are coming south in thousands.

There are several kinds of gulls found round our coasts in large numbers, and as the cold weather approaches these fly south and inland in thousands.

One of the most widely distributed is the black-headed gull, which would be more correctly described as brown-headed, for the plumage of the head is a dark chocolate, not black. It is easily distinguished by its red bill and legs.

When this gull flies up the Thames to London and other inland areas at the beginning of winter, it has usually lost its dark hood and retains only a slightly-shaded patch on the back of the head.

Scarcely anything comes amiss to it in the way of food, for it devours worms, insects, and all kinds of small fish.

The commonest of all our gulls is the common gull, and this, too, is omnivorous. It has even been known to make a meal of tallow-candles. It is in reality one of the scavengers of the coastal seas, skimming over the waves and following ships to snap up any offal or other edible morsel that may be thrown overboard. Common gulls have been known to follow shoals of herrings, and are often of great service to fishermen in indicating where the shoals are.

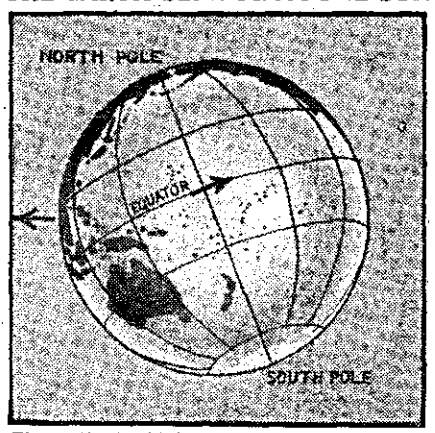
The kittiwake gull is a beautiful bird, with a head and neck perfectly white in winter, and is most graceful in its flight.

The herring gull is a large and powerful bird, very much like the common gull in appearance, and often flying with that species, from which it can be distinguished on account of its size. It is very abundant at this season in the south of England, and is more often seen inland on the ploughed fields than any other kind of gull.

There are two black-backed gulls, the lesser and the great, and both are well distributed round our coasts. The great black-backed gull is the largest gull seen round Britain, and will often eat small birds, and mammals like mice and shrews.

From now on to the spring C.N. readers living far inland will have an opportunity of studying the various species of gulls. They are always interesting, and will often feed out of the hand, as they do in London.

THE EARTH SEEN FROM THE SUN



The earth at midnight on any day in October as it would be seen through a telescope from the sun. The lines of latitude and longitude are put in to show the tilt. The arrows show the way the earth is travelling and rotating

NEXT WEEK IN THE GARDEN

Plant out autumn-sown lettuce on ridges or in sheltered borders.

Look over onions that are stored and remove any that may be spoiled. If the soil is not too damp shallots may be planted out six inches apart in shallow drills, one foot apart.

There are many evergreen shrubs that do far better when planted in the autumn, and no time should be lost in completing the work. Plant deciduous trees as soon as their foliage is matured.

NEW STATE'S GOOD FORTUNE

CZECHO-SLOVAKIA'S RADIUM MINES

Oxford Professor's Long Journey for Nine Glass Tubes

THE DEAREST THING IN THE WORLD

Radium, which has doubled in price since the war began, is now over a million pounds an ounce, although an ounce cannot be bought. It is the dearest thing in the world.

This high price is due to the same cause that makes other things dear—a great demand and a small supply. Only an ounce or two is available, and yet all the world wants radium badly for a variety of purposes, including the treatment of disease.

Now there is a chance of this precious material becoming more available, and therefore more reasonable in price. Great Britain has secured a monopoly of the only regular source of supply in Europe, that from the State mines and quarries of Czecho-Slovakia. It is the good fortune of this new State to possess these most valuable mines.

Woman's Great Discovery

It was from these mines that the first radium was obtained. Twenty years ago Madame Curie was investigating the properties of certain ores from the Joachimsthal mines, which then belonged to the Austrian Government, when she discovered the new substance; and soon afterwards three grammes were extracted from about ten tons of uranium pitchblende, the material that contains radium.

Now a British company has obtained a monopoly of the output of radium from this valuable source, and it is expected that the world's supply will be appreciably increased. The company hope to get at least four or five grammes of radium a year; and Professor Soddy of Oxford University has been to Joachimsthal and brought back two grammes that were actually ready. This tiny speck was worth £70,000, and was the largest amount of radium ever removed at one time.

Guarding the Treasure

Naturally, such a precious treasure had to be carefully guarded, partly on account of its great value, and partly because of the danger it entails. Professor Soddy travelled home as a King's Messenger, and special precautions were taken all along the line to prevent theft. The radium was guarded night and day.

The radium, packed in nine glass tubes, was enclosed in a box of lead with walls three inches thick, and the lid was carefully sealed up. This was to prevent the emanations from the radium having any harmful effect on the escort. The case containing the tiny speck of two grammes, or one-fifteenth of an ounce, weighed seventy pounds. Even then there was a risk, as the penetrating rays from the radium might have come through the lead and inflicted terrible wounds on the travellers.

Regular Supplies of Radium

Regular supplies of radium will now reach this country every year, and the company do not propose to sell it, but to let it out on hire, as houses and shops are let.

Although the State mines of Czecho-Slovakia are the only regular source of radium in Europe, there are other places where it is found, but it is more difficult and costly to extract.

Two Cornish mines, according to an eminent Continental scientist, are simply "teeming with radio-activity," and some of the precious substance has been extracted. The cost of getting Cornish radium, however, is much greater than that of obtaining supplies from Czecho-Slovakia, and so the English mines are not being worked.

C.N. QUESTION BOX

Little Puzzles in Natural History

Answered by Our Natural Historian

All questions must be asked on postcards and not more than one question on each card

Are Fig-Trees Growing Near a House Harmful to Health?

Not at all, unless young gardeners should be tempted to eat the unripe fruit.

Why Can a Cat See Better Than Other Creatures in the Dark?

It cannot see better in the dark than dogs, rabbits, mice, rats, owls; probably not better than the horse.

How Often Should a Rabbit be Fed?

Rabbits should always have oats, bran, hay, and greenstuff available in their hutches. They will not eat more than is necessary.

Do Mushrooms Grow Above Ground?

Yes; their progress can be traced from immature button-like growths to sizes which are sometimes astonishing.

Do Pigeons Eat Three Times Their Own Weight in a Day?

Not as much as that. At that rate a wood-pigeon would have to eat nearly four pounds a day, for it weighs from 16 to 20 ounces.

Can British Lizards be Reared in Captivity?

Yes, if they are given small insects, tiny worms, moths, flies, beetles, etc. But often they refuse food in captivity, and our correspondent's experience in losing several is not uncommon.

Can Birds Smell?

Some birds have organs for smelling highly developed, but sight, except in rare cases, seems to be the chief agent as food-finder. Carrion-feeders, which drop from the skies, hunt by sight.

How Can We Get Rid of Houseflies?

There is a fortune awaiting the man who can solve that riddle. What we can do is to screen all food and remove every vestige of animal matter and garbage to prevent flies breeding about our houses.

Do Bananas Have Seeds?

Yes, we find them in the fleshy fruit of the plant that we eat; but the plant is propagated from the root for commerce. The great stems, five to 25 feet high, die down, and fresh shoots arise each season from below.

How Do Shells Get Their Colours?

The shells of birds' eggs are coloured by pigment stored in special cells in the body; the colour of sea-shells is mysteriously furnished by chemical action upon the substances obtained as food and building material from the sea.

How Can a Tortoise be Kept in Winter?

It should sleep the winter away under a good heap of leaves; but the writer once kept one wrapped up in a cool place for the winter, and has had others alive, active, and feeding day by day in a heated conservatory.

Why is the Flesh of Salmon Pink?

The pink flesh of salmon, trout, tunny, and the dark brown of mackerel, are the visible evidence of oxygen, which is stored in the flesh of these intensely active fish. The colour is what is called respiration pigment, and denotes reserve strength.

Which Stays the Longer With Us, the Chiffchaff or the Fieldfare?

Probably the fieldfare, but, of course, the periods of the visits are different. The chiffchaff, first of our warblers, arrives early in March, and stays on into the autumn. The fieldfare does not reach us till toward the end of October, but he remains till the end of April, or even till the early days of May.

Can We Prolong Human Life? Some wonderful experiments recently carried out by Dr. Carrel of the Carnegie Institute suggest that we may be able to do this one day by helping Nature to wash the poisons out of our tissues. It is a fascinating possibility, and is dealt with in an interesting article entitled Can the Human Body Live for Ever? in My Magazine—the C.N. monthly—for November, now lying on the bookstalls with this paper.

GATHERING OF THE PLANETS

VENUS, JUPITER, SATURN, MARS

Worlds Assembled in the Morning Sky

HERALDING THE SUNRISE

By Our Astronomical Correspondent

There is a remarkable assembly of worlds in the early morning sky just now, for the four most brilliant of the planets—Venus, Jupiter, Saturn, and Mars—are all heralding the sunrise.

They may be seen stretching upward in an almost straight line from the eastern horizon about an hour before sunrise, that is about 5 a.m.

Venus, the most lustrous, is the lowest; Jupiter next in brilliance, being barely five times the Moon's width above, and toward the right of, Venus.

Still higher, and toward the right, is Saturn, not nearly as bright as Jupiter, from whom he is distant about six times the Moon's apparent width.

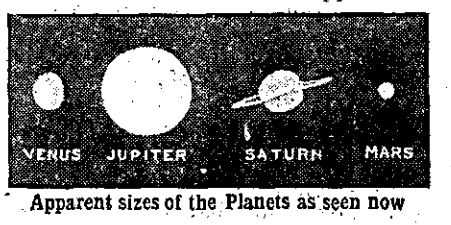
Mars, somewhat fainter than Saturn and of a decided golden tinge, is much higher up, being about twice as far from Saturn as Saturn is from Jupiter, and slightly more to the right of the straight line formed by the other three planets.

Rare and Beautiful Sight

The stars will be scarcely visible in the dawn, but the four planets will be easily found, and they will constitute a rare and beautiful sight, particularly toward the end of the week, when the crescent Moon will be in their vicinity.

It will be remembered that Venus appeared very close to Mars three weeks ago, but her great speed has since taken her far from him. She is, however, still the nearest to us of these four worlds, being at present about 135 million miles away.

Mars, the next in distance, is 200 million miles off. This fact, and also his small size—he is only 4200 miles in diameter—cause him to appear the faintest of all four, though he is increasing in brilliance as the Earth gradually overtakes him.



Apparent sizes of the Planets as seen now

Jupiter is 530 million miles away, about four times as far as Venus. His brilliance, closely approaching that of Venus, is due to his great size, for whereas Venus is but 24,200 miles round, Jupiter is 283,000 miles.

Saturn is much the farthest of this quartette of worlds, being about 970 million miles away. This colossal distance greatly reduces his apparent size and brilliance; nevertheless he appears next to Jupiter in size. Actually he is 229,000 miles round. His rings are, moreover, now opening out, and this will add to his apparent brightness.

Gaining on Three Worlds

The accompanying diagram shows the relative sizes of these four planets as they appear to us at the present time. It will be seen that Venus, though the brightest, is only third in apparent size of disc, which is now nearly round, like the Moon when nearly full.

The same thing applies to Mars at present, and for the same reason—because we can see a comparatively small portion of the dark, unilluminated side of both planets.

Venus is the only planet that is leaving us. We are rapidly gaining on the other three, so much so that in six months' time we shall be between 100 and 150 million miles nearer to them. They will then, especially Mars, appear much brighter, splendid objects to interest us in the night sky. G.F.M.

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LOST IN THE TRAIN

The Missing Title-Deeds of Medland School

Told by T. C. Bridges, the C.N. Storyteller

What Has Happened Before

A brief synopsis of the early chapters appeared in last week's issue.

CHAPTER 9

Nearly Caught

It says something for Dicky's pluck that he did not lose his head.

Instead of jumping up and running, he merely nudged Tom, then crept right into the heart of the thickest of the gorse. Tom followed, and the pair flattened themselves out and lay motionless, hardly daring to breathe.

Janion came scrambling noisily up the sloping side of the hollow, and the boys heard his heavy boots crashing through the gorse and brambles.

"What's up?" came Calvert's voice from somewhere behind.

Janion paused a moment.

"Are you deaf?" he retorted. "Didn't you hear that stick crack?"

"I did hear something, but I expect it was only a rabbit."

"Rabbit!" repeated Janion, scornfully. "Rabbits don't break sticks. It's someone spying on us. Those boys, most like. Here, you come and help look. I'll lay they're hiding up somewhere in this thick stuff."

"All right," replied Calvert, sulkily, and Dicky heard him follow Janion.

Dicky did not feel happy. If these two started a thorough search there could be only one end to it.

At this moment Tom touched his arm, and, looking round, he saw his chum pointing to a little opening, not much bigger than a rabbit-run, which led away to the right.

Dicky nodded and set to crawling again. The opening was so low that he had to go flat on his stomach, and even so could not help causing a slight rustling. Luckily, Janion and Calvert were making such a row plunging about in the gorse that there was not much risk of their hearing.

Dicky had wormed onwards for half-a-dozen yards when, suddenly, the trampling steps came straight toward him.

Closer they came, and closer, and Dicky's heart was in his mouth, for now escape seemed hopeless. He stopped and lay still as a hare in its form.

A great boot crashed down within a yard of his head, and he gave up hope. He had just time to wonder whether he had better jump up and bolt when he saw Janion's other foot almost in front of his nose. Next instant the man had passed, and Dicky realised that, by some sort of miracle, Janion had failed to see him.

The relief was so intense that for the moment it left him quite weak and breathless. But this did not last long. Tom was poking him from behind, and he quickly started off again.

The tunnel in the gorse ended quite suddenly, and Dicky found himself looking over the edge of a six-foot drop into a wall-sided cutting.

Creeping quickly over the edge, he gained the bottom in safety, and Tom followed.

Tom pointed again, and they both slipped away as quickly and silently as possible up the cutting. This was so overhung with brushwood that there was little risk of being seen, and the relief of being able to run erect instead of crawl was simply wonderful.

Thirty yards up the dyke ended, and Dicky stopped short. Tom silently pointed to the right, where the bushes were thickest, and in another moment the two were up and away as fast as they could go.

After this it was easier, for they were out of earshot of their pursuers who were still angrily beating the original bit of cover.

A few minutes later the venturesome pair were ensconced in a small cave, the mouth of which was so covered with gorse that there was little risk of discovery.

CHAPTER 10

When Knaves Fall Out

"Close call, Dicky," remarked Tom Burland, as he picked a nasty thorn out of the palm of his hand.

"Bit too close to suit me," agreed Dicky. "I'm jolly well going to stay here till those beggars clear out!"

Tom nodded.

"Safest thing to do," he agreed. "But I say, Dicky, what was Calvert doing with Janion?"

Dicky's face assumed a very serious expression.

"I wish I knew, Tom. We should have known, too, if only I hadn't been duffer enough to step on that stick."

"You couldn't help that," answered Tom, gruffly. "But it was a regular arranged meeting between those two. Janion was expecting Calvert."

"I know. I only wish we could find out whether it had anything to do with Miss Morland's bag."

Tom stared.

"How could Calvert know anything about that?"

"That's more than I can tell," Dicky answered. "But, Tom, I believe there's a lot behind this that we haven't got the hang of yet."

Tom frowned. He was the sort that hates puzzles.

"I don't see what you mean, Dicky. Janion stole the bag; we're trying to get it back. That's all plane sailing, surely!"

"Then where does Calvert come in?" asked Dicky.

"He doesn't come in. Why should we think that he knows anything about the bag?"

Dicky shrugged his shoulders. Before he could speak again a sound of steps was heard outside.

The two boys exchanged glances of dismay.

"They've tracked us," whispered Tom.

Dicky shook his head.

"No. Neither of them knows the first thing about tracking. It's just chance. Sit tight. We're all right."

The steps came nearer, and Calvert's grumbling voice made itself heard.

"It's all my eye," he was saying. "I don't believe it was anyone. Anyhow, I'm fed up with tramping round in this wretched gorse. My legs are full of thorns. Let's go into your cottage. We can talk there."

"Not if I know it!" replied Janion, sourly. "Not when Croome or one of his chaps is liable to come nosing around any minute. Like as not what we heard was one of his spies."

The steps ceased. Calvert apparently had pulled up.

"Then where are we to have our yarn?" he demanded harshly. "You don't think I've come all this way for nothing, do you?"

"I know well enough what you've come for," answered Janion. "Just to vent your spite on that chap Last."

The retort evidently made Calvert furious.

"Don't you dare to talk to me like that!" he snapped. "But there, it serves me right for putting myself out to help a thief like you!"

"Shut up, can't you?" hissed Janion in a tone of mingled fear and rage. "Suppose someone were to hear you?"

"Suppose your grandmother!" returned Calvert as angrily. "Here, it's no use my staying here any longer. I'm going back."

Dicky, quivering with eagerness, ventured to push the bushes aside just enough to peer out. He was in time to see Calvert stalking away, and Janion, his heavy face livid with rage, glaring after him.

A moment later and Janion, too, swung round and went off in the direction of the Hollow.

Dicky and Tom waited only until he was out of sight, then, slipping out of their cave, started back toward the school.

It was not till they were well out of sight of the marl pits that they ventured to slacken their pace. Then Dicky turned to Tom.

"I was right, you see," he said.

"How do you mean? No one said anything about the bag."

"No, but Calvert called Janion a thief."

"That's nothing," replied Tom. "It was for stealing that Miss Morland sacked Janion a year ago."

"Yes, but that's an old story," said Dicky. "He meant the bag, I feel sure."

"He may have," allowed Tom. "But what worries me is the plot these beggars are hatching against Joe Last."

Dicky nodded gravely.

"Yes, that's bad, Tom. Calvert's got a frightful grudge against Joe. Those two have always hated one another, but it's a lot worse since Joe had that row with Calvert the first night of term."

"I know. You told me. But I can't quite see what Janion has got to do with that business."

"I can't either," confessed Dicky, "yet from what Janion said it's plain enough that he has." He paused and considered a moment. "Well, anyhow," he added, "I'm going to see Cis this evening, and if Miss Morland will only agree perhaps we shall have a chance of bottling Janion."

"Good egg!" said Tom. "But mind you, Dicky, we can't do this job on our own."

"Of course not. We shall have to tell Croome, and let him fix up the trap."

CHAPTER 11

Dicky Gets a Shock

A bell began to jangle in the distance. It was the tea-bell, and they had to run hard to be in time.

They got in hot and breathless, and as Dicky took his seat he saw Calvert scowling at him from the seniors' table.



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"Calvert has spotted us," he whispered unhappily to Tom, who sat next him.

"So I see," replied Tom in his matter-of-fact way, "but it's no use worrying, Dicky. Whatever the fellow suspects he doesn't know anything."

"I only hope he doesn't try to collar me coming out of hall," said Dicky. "I've got to get straight over to Helen's Wood, or I shan't have time to tell Cis about things."

"We'll slip out ahead of him," said Tom, as he helped himself from their joint pot of raspberry jam.

The two finished tea quickly, and walked straight out of the hall.

"It's all right," said Tom. "Calvert's still tucking in. Now you go right ahead. Oh, and tell Cis to give my love to Fay."

"I will," promised Dicky; and set off.

He cast several anxious glances behind him, but there was no sign of Calvert or anybody else, yet all the same it was with a feeling of distinct relief that he slipped into the dim shelter of Helen's Wood. He took his place under the same tree beneath which he had stood on the previous evening, and waited quietly.

He seemed to have waited an age when suddenly he heard the rustle of some dry leaves in a thicket behind him.

Dick's thoughts at once flew to Calvert. Had Calvert thought it worth his while to follow him? He did not fear meeting the bully, but Dick did not wish his meeting-place with his sister to become known.

He was just about to hide when a large sheep-dog he knew quite well came running up to him.

"Hullo, old chap!" said Dick laughingly, as he made a fuss of the dog. "So it was only you. You gave me quite a shock!"

Some five minutes passed. Then at last came a slight rustle, and this time Cicely's head popped up on the other side of the wall.

"Hallo, old thing!" said Dicky, coming forward. "Any luck?"

"I did have a little talk with Miss Morland last night, Dicky," said Cicely. "And I asked her if it wouldn't be possible to catch that horrid Janion in the way you said."

"Did she tumble to it?" asked Dicky eagerly.

"I think she was rather taken with the idea."

"Yes; but did she say she'd do it?"

"No, she didn't actually say that. She's still in a very funny temper, Dicky. All she said was that it might be worth trying."

"Of course it's worth trying! It's the only way to catch the fellow." Dicky paused a moment, then went on quickly. "I say, Cis, I've found out one thing. It *was* Janion who stole the bag—at least, I'm nearly certain it was."

"Tell me," said Cicely, her bright little face alight with eagerness.

"All right, only I must be quick. Gates close in about ten minutes, and I should get into a frightful scrape if I were late."

Coming close up under the wall, he gave his sister a brief account of his expedition to the marl pits and of what he and Tom had overheard of the conversation between Janion and Calvert.

"I heard Calvert call him a thief," he said. "So I am pretty certain Calvert knows that Janion stole the bag."

"It certainly sounds like it," agreed Cicely. "Anyhow——"

In the very middle of her sentence she stopped short and vanished with startling suddenness.

"What's the matter?" cried Dicky; and, jumping up, he caught the coping of the wall with his hands and pulled himself up.

As he did so another head rose above the wall, and Dicky, horror-stricken, found himself gazing straight into the angry eyes of no less a personage than Miss Morland herself.

TO BE CONTINUED

Who Was He?

The Vain Poet

About six months before the landing of William of Orange at Torbay, a boy was born in London whose father, a prosperous draper, had previously been a merchant in Lisbon.

The boy grew up without any proper education, but he was clever, and very early in life determined to be a poet. At twelve he wrote quite a good ode, and two years later a poem on Silence, which was an astonishing performance for a boy.

Although in infancy he had been plump and pretty, he later suffered bad health, and this, coupled with his close attention to books, ruined his constitution, and he became deformed in body.

Unfortunately this increased a naturally irritable temper, and as he grew up the youth became very quarrelsome and exceedingly vindictive. As a boy he had a beautiful voice, and on this account came to be known as the Little Nightingale.

He wrote many poems which have taken their place in English literature. In one of these he lashed many people to whom he thought he owed a grudge, and in doing so immortalised their names, which would otherwise have been forgotten.

The poet was exceedingly vain. He had almost a mania for becoming acquainted with people of fashion, and as he moved in literary circles, too, there were few notable people of his day whom he did not know.

While he was a boy his father had moved from London to Windsor Forest, but the poet returned nearer London, and finally bought a villa at Twickenham, on the Thames. Here he met with an accident that nearly cost him his life. It was not the first time that he had had a narrow escape from death, for while quite a child a cow had nearly killed him.

On this occasion he was returning home in a well-known peer's chariot when the vehicle was overturned on a bridge and thrown into the Thames. The poet was inside the closed carriage, and it was only with the utmost difficulty that he could be rescued. As a result of the accident he lost two fingers.

He wrote many well-known poems, but perhaps he is best remembered as the author of the famous translations of Greek classics. He was no scholar, and had to get help in making the translations, but these are now among our literary masterpieces.

In the grounds of his villa he built an interesting grotto, and in that he wrote many of his works. After a life marked by domestic virtues and many benevolences, yet clouded by public quarrels and much bitterness, he died at the age of 56. Here is his portrait. Who was he?



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A Thing of Beauty is a Joy for Ever



Dr MERRYMAN

THE boarder was dissatisfied with his meal and told the landlady so.

"But I keep an excellent table," she said.

"Probably," he replied; "but you put very little on it."

⊡ ⊡ ⊡

His Title to Fame

THERE is an old boaster at Skipton
Who vows he has seen Mother Shipton;
But his grandchildren know
It was Madame Tussaud,
While his clergyman says it was Lipton.

⊡ ⊡ ⊡

What is This?

WHAT is the word that, when printed, reads the same forwards, backwards, and upside down?

Answer next week

⊡ ⊡ ⊡

Peter Puck's Picnic

THE butter wasn't sticking
And the bread was up a tree,
And the little lass was picking
Little sausages for tea.

There came three purple ponies
Buzzing louder than a bee;
And the petrified polonies
Vanished swiftly out to sea.

Then the lass, whose hair was sandy,
Turned her angry thoughts to puns,
While the sky dropped sugar candy
And the West was filled with buns.

⊡ ⊡ ⊡

A Brave Man

HE was relating tales of his travels, and his listeners were duly impressed, for he was a wonderful man, judging by his adventures.

"But the real thriller was when I made sixty cannibals run!" he said, and paused, waiting for encouragement.

"How did you do that?" anxiously inquired a listener

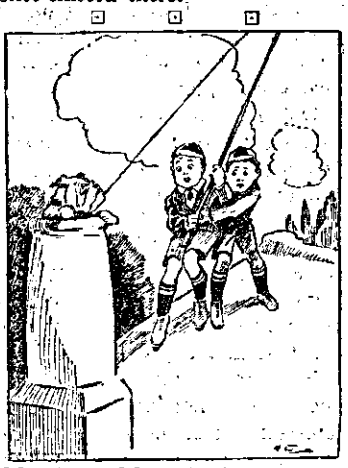
"I ran, and they all ran after me!" was the reply.

⊡ ⊡ ⊡

Do You Live at Preston?

THIS name means Priest's town, and the town is probably so called because of a monastery that once existed there.

⊡ ⊡ ⊡



Adventures of Augustus & Marmaduke

AUGUSTUS got his fishing-rod and went with Marmaduke;
They climbed up to the chimney-pot of Mrs. Emma Luke.
Upon the line a monster hook young Marmaduke had tied;
To hook a chicken from the grate those naughty youngsters tried.
But Mrs. Luke she saw the hook, and got her fierce dog Tray,
And through his collar put the hook. Said Gussy, "Pull away!"
Right up the chimney went the hook, and Tray began to growl.
"Why, what's that noise?" said Marmaduke. "It cannot be the fowl!"
But what was really on the hook they very quickly found,
And then, my word, they dropped the line and scampered to the ground!

Arithmetical Puzzle

TWICE ten are six of us,
Six are but three of us,
Nine are but four of us;
What can we possibly be?
Would you know more of us,
Twelve are but six of us,
Five are but four. Do you see?

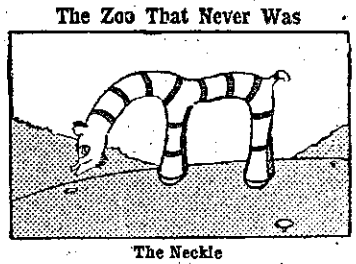
Solution next week

⊡ ⊡ ⊡

WHAT is that we often catch yet never see?
A passing remark.

⊡ ⊡ ⊡

The Zoo That Never Was



The Neckle

THE Neckle eats and eats all day
Whatever it finds in its way.
You wonder how it keeps so thin?
The bands around it hold it in!

⊡ ⊡ ⊡

HOW many weeks belong to the year 1921?
Forty-six; the other six are Lent.

⊡ ⊡ ⊡

The Things That Matter

JUST to be tender, just to be true;
Just to be glad the whole day through;
Just to be merciful, just to be mild;
Just to be trustful as a child;
Just to be gentle and kind and sweet;
Just to be helpful with willing feet;
Just to be cheery when things go wrong;
Just to drive sadness away with a song;
Whether the hour is dark or bright,
Just to be loyal to God and right.

⊡ ⊡ ⊡

WHY is a parcel that has been undone and tied up again like a well-known historical event?
Because it is re-corded.

⊡ ⊡ ⊡

A Quaint Pastime

THERE was a precocious young boy
Who every day made a new toy,
And sat up in bed
To do sums in his head,
Till his brain would have filled a large buoy.

⊡ ⊡ ⊡

Pence and Suspense

TOMMY was not paying attention to the lesson; instead, he was looking out of the class-room window.

"Now, Tommy, what is the plural of penny?" asked his teacher, anxious to test whether he had been listening.

Tommy pulled himself together. "Er—er——" And then, his face lighting up, "Twopence!" he called out triumphantly.

⊡ ⊡ ⊡

Beheaded Word

WHOLE, in me a disunion you'll see;
Twice behead, a similitude then I shall be;
Behead me again, round a nice country village
You'll then see me lie, just ready for tillage;
Twice more behead me, you'll then see, at length,
That I clearly denote to be of some strength.

Solution next week

⊡ ⊡ ⊡

WHAT is it we often return yet never borrow?
Thanks.

⊡ ⊡ ⊡

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

What Is Wrong in this Picture?

The lion should have a tuft at the end of its tail.

Transposition Evil, live

Mother Jacko Packs Up

THEY were all so upset at having to leave their home and find another that no one bothered to wonder why Jacko was not at school.

It was nothing but houses all day long. The whole family went house-hunting, and, of course, they never found one.

Mrs. Jacko nearly went into hysterics at last.

"It's no good taking on," said her husband, trying to soothe her. "Something will turn up."

And it did, but it wasn't at all what they had expected. It was Jacko who managed it, and it happened like this.

Master Jacko was telling their tale of woe to an old schoolfellow one day, when the friend said:

"If you can't find a house, why don't you live in a tent?"

"I never thought of that!" exclaimed Jacko. "But we haven't got one."

"You can borrow ours," said his friend, whose father was a farmer. "It's in the barn. Come on! I'll show you."

An hour later Jacko staggered home with an enormous bundle in his arms.

"What ever have you got there?" his mother called out.

"Our new house!" cried Jacko.

Of course, the family pooh-poohed the idea at first, but in the end, when the fatal day came and they had to clear out, willy-nilly, they thought better of it.



"It's a picnic!" Jacko said

"It'll do for a bit," said Father Jacko. "And if this remarkable weather lasts it will be—ahem!—somewhat enjoyable."

So they stored most of their furniture, put a few things on a hand-cart, and set off.

The sun was setting before they had decided on a convenient spot to pitch their tent, and then Mother Jacko settled matters by flopping down in the middle of a field and refusing to budge another inch.

So they unpacked the cart and found the things, and while Mother made some tea the rest of the family struggled with the tent.

Putting up a tent isn't as simple as it looks. Father Jacko shouted instructions till he was purple in the face. He didn't know anything about it, and wouldn't listen to Adolphus, who did. In the end the thing collapsed on the top of him.

That made him furious, and he went stamping off, declaring he'd have nothing more to do with it.

Whereupon Mother Jacko burst into tears. The baby howled in sympathy, the only cheerful member of the party being Jacko, who was still laughing at his poor father.

It was Adolphus who came to the rescue. He boxed Jacko's ears and bade him "lend a hand," and in half an hour the tent was up and the family comfortably installed in its new quarters.

They slept like tops that first night, and got up in the morning in splendid spirits.

You should have seen Jacko fetching the water from the river while his mother fried the bacon over the oil stove.

"It's a picnic!" he cried. "I vote we live here always!"

Ici on Parle Français



La plume Le geai Le couperet

La plume d'oie sert à écrire
Le geai a de belles plumes bleues
On fend le bois avec un couperet



Un accordéon Le peigne La cornemuse

L'accordéon fait de la musique.
Le chauve n'a pas besoin de peigne.
L'Écossais joue de la cornemuse.

Notes and Queries

What does Comme il faut mean? As it should be.

What is a Theodolite? An instrument used in surveying for measuring angles.

What does R.C.J. mean? This is a legal abbreviation for Royal Courts of Justice, more generally known as the Law Courts, in the Strand, London.

What does Bis mean? This is a musical term meaning that the passage is to be repeated. In French concerts the audience, curiously enough, does not cry encore when it wants a performer to sing again. It uses the Latin word bis.

Tales Before Bedtime

Jim's Pony

THE day Daddie brought Firefly home Jim went half crazy with excitement.

Jim had always loved horses. Even when he was a baby he had wanted to stroke every horse he saw, and his favourite picture was a painting of a magnificent black charger that hung over the sideboard in the dining-room.

Jim thought Daddie's new horse the very image of it.

And it was a beauty! Jim longed to get on its back, but Daddie said "No," he wasn't old enough.

"Then can I have a little pony?" Jim asked.

Daddie said "No" again; he must wait till he was bigger.

But waiting is dull work, and Jim was impatient.

Of course, he made friends with Firefly. He used to take him an apple or a lump of sugar nearly every morning, and if Jim forgot, by any chance, he would follow him about and poke his nose into Jim's pocket to see what he could find for himself.

It was all very jolly, but Jim wanted more. He wanted a horse *to ride.*

And at last he found one.

He went one day into the town with his mother, and while she was looking at something in a shop window Jim disappeared.

She stood still and waited, feeling sure he would come. But he didn't, though she waited quite a long time.

Then she went in and out of the shops making inquiries, but no one had seen a little boy with a mop of curly hair and a brown overcoat.

She was just beginning to get alarmed when she caught



Jim had a splendid ride

sight of him. And where do you think the rascal was? In a dark corner of a big toy shop, mounted on a rocking-horse!

"Oh, Mummy, I'm having a splendid ride!" he cried, as she ran in.

And though she scolded him for giving her such a fright she bought the rocking-horse and took it home, and now Jim has rides on it every day.

"It's not like a real one," he says, "but I can pretend, you know—and he does go fast!"

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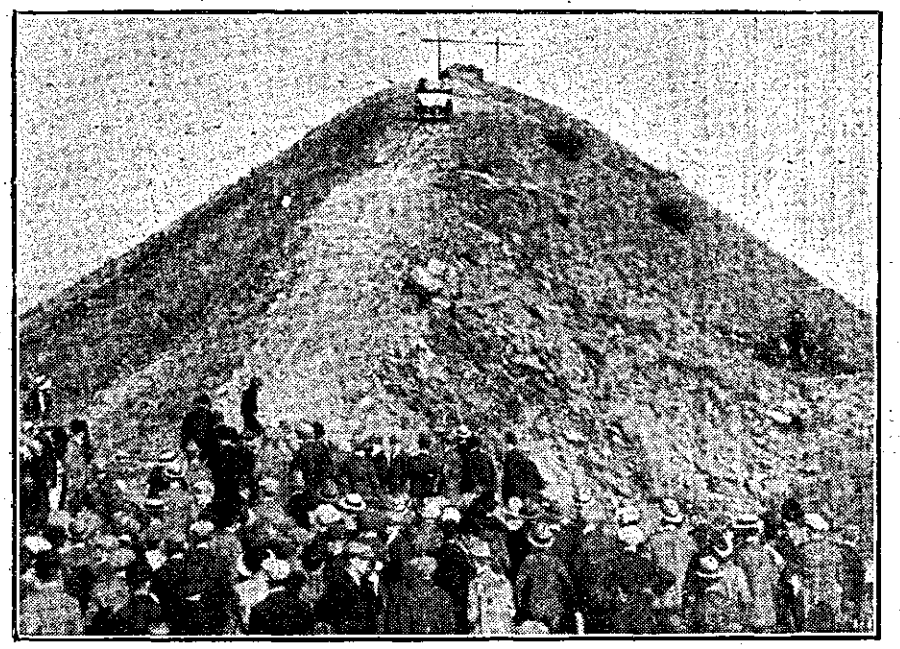
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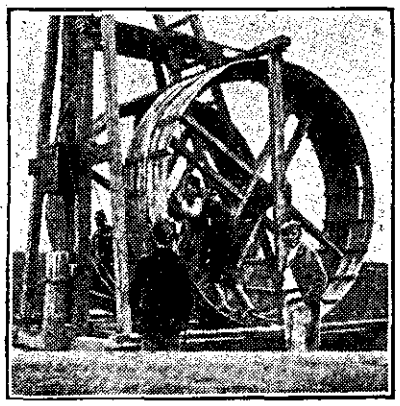
WORKMEN ON THE TREADMILL · NEW USE FOR AN OLD FIGHTING TOP



Motor-Car's Excelsior—Great interest was created at Bradford recently in a climbing test for a motor-car, which mounted this steep hill covered with loose stones in fine style. Here it is seen nearing the summit



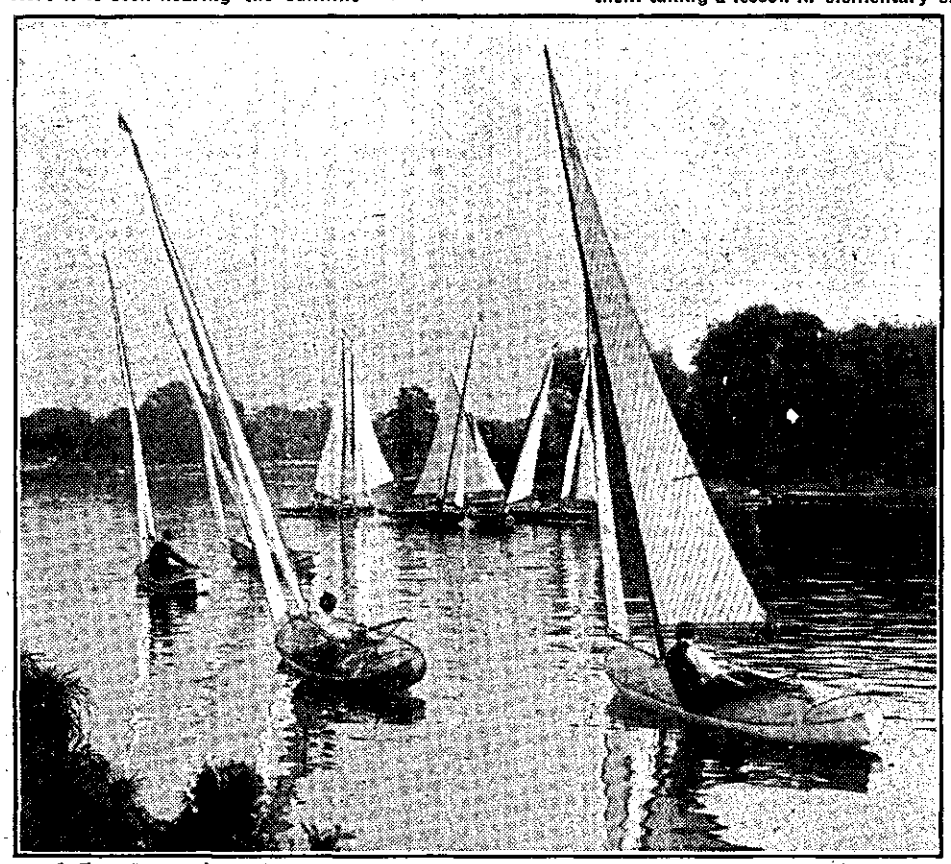
A Lesson in Surveying—These boys from a London County Council school have been staying in Surrey for a course of study, and here we see them taking a lesson in elementary surveying with a model theodolite



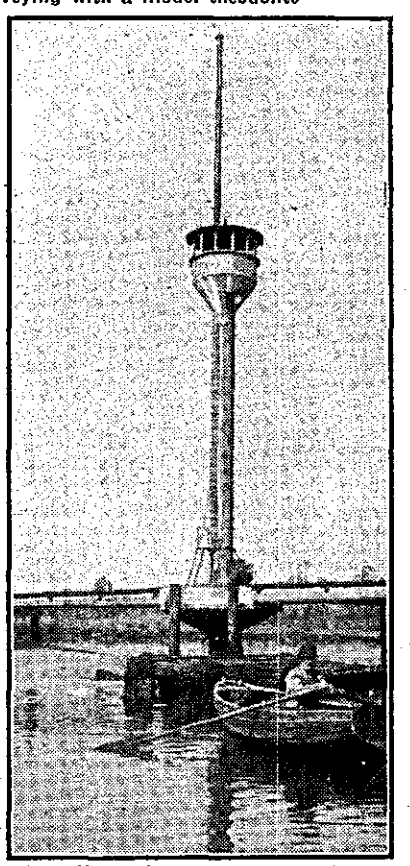
The Treadmill in Russia—Soviet workmen driving piles with a treadmill, such as convicts formerly used in our prisons



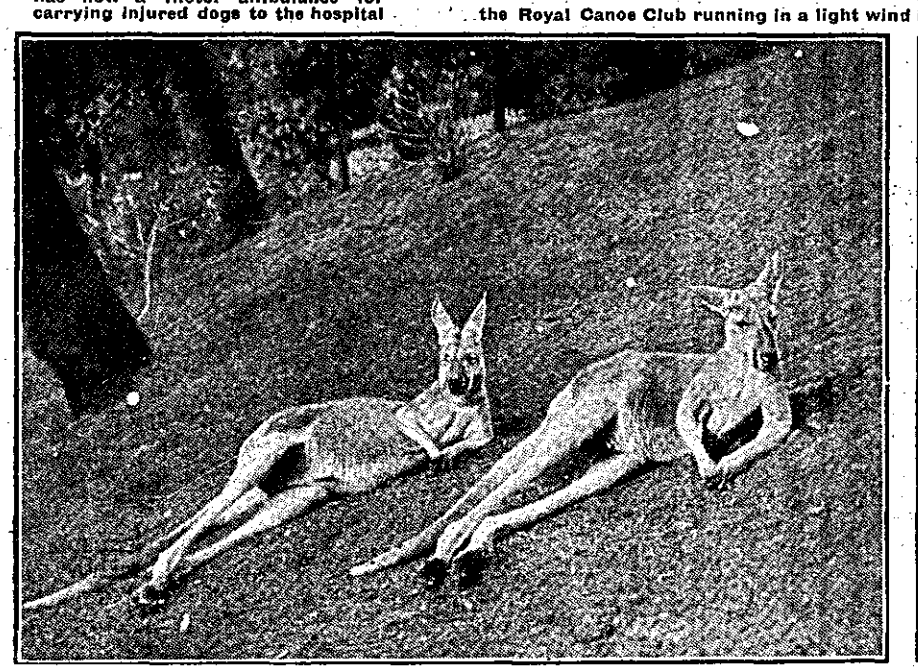
First Aid for the Dog—The Animals' Hospital at Totteridge, near London, has now a motor ambulance for carrying injured dogs to the hospital



A Fine Race on the Thames—The continued sunny weather made canoe-racing on the Thames very popular at the end of the season, and in this photograph we see canoes of the Royal Canoe Club running in a light wind in Teddington Reach, not far from London



From War to Peace—A useful look-out at the pierhead on the River Hamble, near Southampton, made from the old fighting top of H.M.S. Collingwood



Enjoying an Autumn Sun Bath at the Zoo—Even the kangaroos from sunny Australia have been affected by the autumn heat wave in England, and could do nothing but lie about lazily in their enclosure, as shown here



Growing Up Rapidly—These are the two young lions from Somaliland, Abdulla and Fatma, whose portraits as tiny cubs were given in the C.N. a few months ago. As can be seen, they are growing up fast

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